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AMY DAVIS WINSHIP

MY LIFE STORY

BY

AMY DAVIS WINSHIP

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
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A WORD OF APPRECIATION

I AM deeply grateful to Professor Ross for his kindness in writing the introduction to my little book.

I wish to thank most sincerely Miss Annette Foster of the La Grange School of Los Angeles, California, for transcribing the book—a work I would not have undertaken alone; also Miss Ada White of Madison, Wisconsin, for her very efficient assistance in rearranging the manuscript.

AMY DAVIS WINSHIP.

FOREWORD

IN recent years I have often been asked to define my philosophy of life, and in a few instances I have yielded to the temptation of doing so. But I feel that no single statement can furnish an adequate expression of the philosophy which must necessarily play so important a part in working out one's destiny. The life itself must speak, and from its changing scenes and varying experiences we may discern the philosophy which inspired it. I have accordingly attempted to set down from memory in the following pages the salient events and peculiar circumstances of my life, hoping that the record may reveal something of an inspiring philosophy which may stimulate other souls and help others to become in time eighty-nine years young.

AMY D. WINSHIP.

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INTRODUCTION

TOWARD the end of this century some one will write a doctor's thesis on "The Octogenarian Renaissance." After describing the growth of the white-haired contingent in the student body of our great universities and the development of courses, dormitories, activities, and other university contests adapted to their needs, the author will say, "The initiator of this movement of rejuvenescence was Mrs. Amy D. Winship, who in 1910, at the age of seventy-nine, enrolled as a regular student of the University of Ohio and passed her eighties in the higher educational institutions of America."

For who can doubt that the example of Mrs. Winship has broken for all time the precedent that our universities are for the immature?

As one runs through these pages one is struck by Mrs. Winship's success in allying herself with the forces of the coming day. She was abolitionist, religious liberal, prohibitionist, and suffragist when all these movements were "isms" and their adherents "cranks." She has lived to see them all succeed. With how much more pride can she review her career

than if she had never aided a cause until it was prosperous and no longer in need of friends!

And the young reader cannot help reflecting, "What are the causes reviled today which will be triumphant in my time? What movements shall I champion in order that at ninety I may look back upon my course with as much satisfaction as Mrs. Winship looks back upon hers?"

No doubt anyone can make as many hits as she has who possesses as much intellect, energy, and courage.

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS.

University,
Madison, Wisconsin,
September 18, 1919.

MY LIFE STORY

CHAPTER I

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked in many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.

AS I look back over eighty-nine years of conscious life, I am particularly impressed with the difference between American daily life in the early half of the nineteenth century and our life of today. To understand the dissimilarity between the world of my earliest years and the world of today, it is necessary to know something of the causes, —the vast difference in the modes of living.

My childhood home sheltered a complete manufacturing plant; furthermore, our fields and pens produced most of the raw materials which provided food and clothing for the family. We made our own soap, candles, carpets, implements, and were usually sufficient unto ourselves in all the daily toil

that housekeeping and farming demanded. In this day these various departments of labor have been highly specialized, but in my earliest experiences we had no clothing stores, no boot and shoe stores. The farmer raised the sheep, and the wool was carded and spun and woven. Every home at that time had a spinning wheel, many a little flax wheel, and usually a loom; these were part of the furnishing of a home. The wool was spun and woven on looms into plain cloth, and this was then taken to a fulling-mill, where it was made into full cloth. I recall this very vividly, for the reason that I had a maiden aunt who was a tailoress. I remember that the farmers would come for her; that she would load up her implements of trade and go to the farmer's home, where she would stay until his bolt of full cloth was made up into garments for the family. She would then go on to another home to do the same thing. The family shoes were supplied in a similar way. The hides were taken to the tanner; the calfskin for the women's shoes and the cowhide for the men's boots. Then the shoemaker would go into the home and make up shoes for the entire family. For our thread, needles, pins, tinware, and many small articles, we depended upon the peddler, who would exchange his wares for tallow and beeswax. The peddler was an important man in those days. Stores

were not numerous, and most of our wants were supplied in this way.

If at any time we needed additional help about the house, a neighbor would lend us a daughter, who worked side by side with us and received for the labor a small wage which was usually paid by the week. One who thus served was in no wise looked upon as a servant, but was received into the home as a member of the family, her social standing remaining unaffected in the neighborhood. In those days we experienced none of the vexations of the servant problem. I never saw a foreigner until 1852, in Stephenson County, Illinois, when some Germans settled there in a colony.

My parents were second cousins, of English ancestry, both belonging to the family of Springers. The earliest American representatives of this family had come to New England during the first part of the eighteenth century, and settled in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. In Chicago I recently found some of my relatives who were greatly interested in genealogy. They had learned that the name Springer originated in the year 1089. It seems that a man named Louis, incarcerated for political purposes, succeeded in making a daring escape through his window, and sprang from a nearby rocky cliff into the Saale river, thus gaining his liberty. Forever afterward he was called Louis The Springer.

I have felt convinced from the nature of the story that he was doubtless an ancestor of mine, for all through the years I have been making a dash for liberty.

My father and mother were married at an early age. Borne on the tide of the westward movement, they soon left their first New Hampshire home, and, with ox team and all their worldly goods, they journeyed to Vermont, later going on to Malone, New York, where I was born on April 28, 1831. I was about two years of age when my parents continued their journey westward, and settled on the Western Reserve in Ohio, a very new country, about thirty miles south of Cleveland and ten miles from Akron. My earliest recollection goes back to this time, when, as the result of childish curiosity, I received a fall down the stairway of our home. Another vivid recollection is that of a Methodist camp meeting, when I was about four years of age. The Methodists of that day were very emotional; they would shout in getting power, and fall over in a faint. I recall a woman in this emotional state who fainted away and was carried into a nearby tent, where she was left alone. I thought she was dead. I crept over to the side of the bed where she lay and stood there, terrified at the thought of her having been left there, dead and alone. I was surprised a little later to see her come to, get up, and

walk away. This has always been a vivid picture in my mind.

The childish love of mimicry often found expression in my play. A child will ever imitate the principal characteristics of a home, and a lone child in a family, as I was for several years until my brother came, must put something of the creative into its play. My parents attended at different houses once a week what was called a cottage prayer meeting,—a most important institution in our home life. These meetings were held oftener in our home than at any other place, for the reason that my mother was an invalid. Near my home was a marble yard, where gravestones were stored, and it was an early habit of mine to go into this enclosure, which became my playground, and, unseen by any passerby, hold forth as leader at a prayer meeting which was modeled in every respect after those in our home. Naming the marble shafts after my Methodist elders, I would begin a lengthy exhortation, after which each of my congregation in turn would be called upon to lead in prayer. And in my childish imagination, I would listen to them, one by one, as they related their experiences in resisting the devil, and then admonish them against temptation, telling them to go out and be faithful and true. I had a good time with my prayer meetings among the gravestones until one day I heard behind

me a sudden "Ha! Ha!" and, looking up quickly, found a stone cutter watching me, much amused over my play, which to me had been a serious thing. As a child I was unusually sensitive, and his laughter hurt me so that I could never go back to the prayer meetings in the marble yard.

Within my time our system of education has experienced a complete revolution. The schoolhouse which I first attended was a very small building, with benches of the rudest sort lined up around the wall. This provision for seating was without regard to the comfort and varying sizes of the children. Lighting, too, was insufficient and poorly placed. In almost no respect except that of mere shelter was the physical welfare of the child considered. The teacher, always a man, made claim to his position by reason of the fact that he could read, write, and cipher, and above all, keep order. He stalked about the room with a ferule and exercised an autocratic and cruel authority. During the course of the years we had teachers of more humane tendencies, and instruction was given with more regard to the individual needs of the child. The earliest recollection of my schooling in Ohio is of a day when I, a child of six, was meted out the punishment of standing in the middle of the room—a shameful thing—for having misspelled a word of two syllables. In those early days we used the old Webster

spelling book, and our only reading matter was that found in the back of the speller. From that we went to the English reader.

It was in the year 1845, when I was fourteen years old, that my family moved further westward, into Stephenson County, Illinois. The trip was made by way of the lakes; we encountered storms and were two weeks on the way from Cleveland to Chicago. It was in a little log schoolhouse near Freeport that I finished my education. We used the old Kirkam's Grammar and Daball's Arithmetic; I can't recall much of the geography. There was no application made of the knowledge we gained from the study of grammar; we simply memorized the rules, but they made no impression upon our conversation. My parents were New Hampshire people with a dialect and an old fashioned way of talking; they had come to Illinois and settled with a number of former neighbors, who all had this dialect. Although I could repeat all of Kirkam's grammar from memory, it made no impression upon me, and my manner of speech was that of my parents and the neighbors. This has often been a handicap to me, and at times I am conscious that I have murdered the King's English. There was much interest in spelling matches, and in our school I had made for myself quite a reputation; I was often taken from one district to another to spell down

the schools. It was the greatest excitement of the time.

In the spring of 1847, on my sixteenth birthday, I commenced teaching in the same log schoolhouse from which I had just graduated. The man who examined me and validated my certificate for teaching was Mr. L. W. Guiteau, president of the school board, and father of Charles Guiteau, who shot Garfield. I knew Charlie Guiteau from the time he was a little boy.

I have often had occasion to remark of those who have been nurtured in the atmosphere of the early log schoolhouse, that they are peculirly independent in thought, and especially well equipped in the fundamentals of learning. Perhaps the imperfect attention to individual needs was a wise providence that left free to unhampered development the better part of the man. Today the study of psychology and pedagogy has brought to light the fact that educational systems should exist for the good of the child and not for the sake of the system. Out of my own teaching experience of two years, I recall the fact that I placed chief emphasis upon the lesson of concentration and diligent application. System, too, had a large place in my school; we had no helter-skelter assembly and dismissal, but all was done in order. One of my most trying experiences was that of making pens out of goose

quills. The farmers when they picked the geese would dry the quills, and from these we made our own pens. I taught this school until my marriage in the spring of 1849.

Of methods of travel, my time has seen the whole array. As a child I lived near a canal in northern Ohio. The ordinary canal boat made a strong appeal with its speed; the packet with the horses actually trotting as it was propelled seemed a marvelous thing. How very fast it went, I thought, and how I wished always to go along with them, that I might be intoxicated with the delight of its rapid movement!

Then there was its counterpart on land, the huge stagecoach. In my sixteenth year, while teaching in northern Illinois, I took a ride in one of these to Freeport, because, being a teacher, I wished to be progressive. Then one day in 1852 a train was taken over the old stage route from Chicago to Galena. As I watched the train roll up to our station, I was impressed with the idea that it was a spirit thing. To this day that same feeling is called up when I see a moving train.

In 1901 I had my first ride in the horseless carriage, taking a drive of fifty miles in what seemed an incredibly short time. The automobile of that time was very unlike that of today; there was no top and no shield for protection against the wind.

A Mr. Pierce was the manufacturer of the car in which I had my first ride; he and all his friends whom he invited to ride with him were supplied with goggles to keep the dust out of their eyes. I was made most uncomfortable on this ride by the way the horses along our route became frightened at the uncanny thing. Our trip was constantly interrupted by the necessity of stopping the machine and getting out to guide the terrified animals past. The farmers petitioned the legislature to keep them off the public roads, because of the train of accidents always following in their wake. The petition was prompted also, in part, by the fact that the heavy machines were very destructive of roads. However, good was the final goal of ill, and the introduction of motors in travel caused a much needed revolution in road building. I am now looking forward with pleasing anticipation to a spin in an aeroplane.

When I was about fourteen years old, I became much interested in the early English novels,—"Children of the Abbey," "Romance of the Forest," "Alonzo and Melissa," and others. We lived at this time in a story and a half log house, to the upper floor of which we ascended by a ladder. The loft became my home, and here I read through hours of leisure time; or, with a candle, in the long evenings I would follow these characters, or on the hearth, by the light of the blazing logs. If the crudeness of my surroundings had ever weighed upon me hith-

erto, that weight was now dissipated, for things were no longer what they seemed. In my imagination and enthusiasm, I didn't live there; I dwelt in moated castle or lordly manor house. All the world of romance was my own. It was soon, however, to be lost to me, for when a friend one day, speaking earnestly, intimated that such things were an evidence of a weak mind; that it was an unhealthy condition to be in; that I should drop my novel reading and become very practical, though not impressing me at the time, her admonition to resist this region of wild romance later voiced a pull I long had felt within my rational self. The reaction set in from that moment; for a long time I wouldn't allow myself to read a story in a newspaper, for fear it would create anew this appetite for romantic reading.

The span of nearly ninety years of active life has seen the expansion of my own country to the Pacific Ocean, the development of her resources, and the strengthening of her government, until she now has the recognition of the world as one of its foremost powers. In these changes I have had the privilege of being more than merely an interested spectator; I have been permitted on some occasions to be an active participant, yea, even to the bringing of a holy sacrifice to lay upon her altar. I could not have chosen a time more to my liking in which to spend my earthly pilgrimage.

CHAPTER II

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES

IT is difficult to state exactly when the religious sense opens. A child is born into a certain environment of religious tendency and thought. Unconsciously he begins very early to unite form and substance into a philosophy of his own. Fortunate he is if endowed with an independent cast of mind that shall enable him to select from all he meets only that which is his own.

I was born into an orthodox family, into a community that was uncompromisingly orthodox. The church was largely the social center, as is the case in most small inland settlements and towns. From the time that I was five or six years old, it was impressed upon me that Sunday was a day when we could not go out, but rather must sit quietly and hear my father read from the Scriptures. It was a trying experience for a child to sit perched on a chair for an hour at a time. One's good clothes were reserved for Sunday, and among the less strict sects Sunday was the day of feasting, invitation lists usually being finally made up at the church on Sun-

day morning. This was really one redeeming feature to me, as it atoned in a measure for the rather gloomy atmosphere of the morning service. However, I think the stricter sects more consistent in this, in that they set aside the entire day for the extraction of whatever natural buoyancy and joy and kinship with the Creator one might have felt. I very early began to feel that religion was a thing quite apart from life,—it was the thing that was always bringing me up with a jolt and making me feel that life was made of unrelated fragments.

I once heard a great bishop say that he would excuse his son from attendance at a Sabbath School, but would insist upon his attendance at the church service for here was afforded the opportunity to imbibe the symbolism and meaning of Truth and the majesty and understanding of God in the ceremonials of that service. I wish I might say this much for my early church going experience, but either the ceremonial was lacking in efficacy or I was poor soil for the sowing.

The midweek prayer meeting was much more to my liking. This was at least dramatic and tangible, and thus human. The Methodists, however, in the winter had protracted meetings, because the farmers had nothing to do. Parents took their children; I couldn't stay at home alone and went with them. I would hear the minister calling the

mourners forward, when they would depict hell with all its terrors. God, as a God of love and mercy, seemed to have been entirely neglected in their search for the Truth, but God as an avenger and arbitrary judge, who took delight in the torment of those who dared to disobey his commands, loomed large in their philosophy. What hours of agony I have spent in shaping to my imagination the horrors of an after life! This one experience I recall clearly: I went one evening where they were beseeching the unbelievers to come forward and get religion. They said: "Don't put it off. You may die before morning and awake in hell." I went to my home in great excitement. I had experienced all the sensations of burning my fingers and knew how it pained. What a frightful thing it must be, I thought, to burn forever! I had never heard of persons praying quietly, and so I slipped away to the end of the lot and prayed, loud and long. It was in the winter time and there was snow on the ground. As a consequence, I took cold and did come very near dying, in my zeal to save myself from hell fire.

It was so realistic that this teaching put a cloud upon my childhood. As a child I was not happy. How could I be,—living in such an atmosphere of fear?

The reaction built up by my father's daily Bible readings in connection with family worship I have

never been quite able to overcome, and the Bible has never been to me the source of Truth that it has been to so many of the good and great. I am today comparatively ignorant of its contents except in a very general way. This is no doubt a great loss and a defect in my education and the confession of it may do me no credit, but I send it forth with the sole recommendation that it is true.

One little incident illustrates well the effect of those early radical orthodox teachings upon the mind of a child. In our community the Universalists were denounced as aids of the devil. One day my mother had a visitor, and as I sat listening to their conversation—I wasn't much given to the habit of child play; I was too sober; my life was too real —this friend, looking up the street, remarked, "There comes Mr. Sherman, and they say he is a Universalist." I ran out, and the first thing I looked at was his feet. I said, "Why, he hasn't got hoofs; he has feet." My imagination had led me to believe that, being an aid of the devil, he must have hoofs.

It was in these very early years that I began to contrast my own father and our family life with that of a godless neighbor, who was pretty much ostracized by our church-going community because he flouted our religion. He was a model of loving kindness in his family and among all his neighbors;

his home, too, was a place of sunshine and good cheer and intelligent living. Ours was in direct contrast to this. My father frequently forgot to be kind and was often unreasonably domineering; he was one of those persons who had frequent spells of cruelty. People wouldn't call it that, but I did in my childhood. If the two sets of conditions were manifestations of their respective creeds, the conclusions drawn were undeniably in favor of the neighbor who conformed to no traditional religious belief. No doubt, subconsciously, this comparison was made, and the conclusion registered in my mind. I have observed that oftentimes a radical agnosticism in a man was the direct result of his having been brought up in a very religious atmosphere, which thrust him aside, and under which his open-mindedness caused him to revolt.

While residing in and near Freeport, Illinois, I listened more or less regularly to sermons preached by Dr. Carey, a Presbyterian minister. My respect for him was first engendered by the knowledge that he was an adherent of abolitionist principles, and secondly, because of the fact that he was the most liberal orthodox minister with whom I had ever come into contact up to this time.

In my fortieth year, while on a visit to Racine, Wisconsin, I went one Sunday to the Universalist Church, and heard the first liberal sermon I had

ever heard from a pulpit. The message I had that day from Dr. Barry's lips so fitted in with the religious philosophy I had worked out through the years that I was overcome with joyous emotion at the expression of that about which I had been inarticulate. It came as an answer to the deep longings cherished throughout my life to find a community of religious thought organized along these lines. I worked in this church during my residence of twelve years in Racine, and some of the richest chapters of my life were lived in this association.

Several pastors followed Dr. Barry,—all men of wisdom and insight, to each of whom I wish to give the full meed of recognition for the light they shed upon my path. But I forego a detailed account of their work to make a special mention of the Reverend Olympia Brown, the first ordained woman to hold a pastorate in the Universalist Church. She made her home with me during her candidacy for the Racine pastorate, and at that time there sprang up between us a friendship that has ripened and strengthened with the years, and shed a blessed influence on all my life.

She is an able preacher. Her sermons are always characterized by earnestness, force, and originality. She was pastor of the Universalist Church in Racine for nine years, and resigned only when exigencies of the cause of Woman Suffrage made a

thorough canvass of the State a necessity. She left her pastorate in order to undertake lecturing in favor of Woman Suffrage, of which she has always been a faithful advocate.

As president of the Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Association, she continued for years lecturing and working in different parts of the State, and thus doubtless helped to prepare the way for the vote in the legislature of 1919 which gave Wisconsin the honor of being the first State to ratify the Susan B. Anthony Amendment.

No list of America's great women is complete without her name. Possessed of rich and varied talents as writer, speaker, and leader, she has used them always for widening the way for woman's self-expression, for making the road safer for the feet of little children, and with voice and pen she has helped to bring in the era of emancipated thought. In the serenity of full years, she is still a force to be counted upon in the civic, social, and political reforms of the times. A part of the year she spends in the city of Baltimore with her daughter, an instructor in the Bryn Mawr school, and the remainder in Racine, Wisconsin. Here her home is always a forum for definite and earnest discussion and planning for the specific needs of some portion of God's human family.

After going to Fargo, North Dakota, I was a

member of a small group that organized a Unitarian Church. Our first and only pastor was the Reverend Ballou, a grand nephew of old Hosea Ballou of New England fame, founder of the Universalist sect. This was an exceptionally vital organization. The pastor united the best of New England influence with the progressiveness of the West; the group of adherents were made up of the professional and mercantile classes, numbering even many liberal Jews. It was located in a town well into the frontier, one of a class of small towns which are almost without exception characterized by hospitality and breadth of thought. On this full tide, the Unitarian Church of Fargo began and continued its existence.

The women of the church organized themselves into an auxiliary which they christened the "Literary Tea-Cup" society. Its first interest was in sewing for the children of an orphanage. While the hands were thus occupied with a beneficent task, one member would read aloud, usually from some standard work. When the sewing was finished, tea was served, accompanied by discussion of the work that had been read and of other timely topics.

I do not now recall the chain in the development of a liberal religious consciousness within me, but I know that my early training is the basis of my revolt against a narrow orthodoxy. And thus it came about that for many years I remained entirely out-

side the church. In fact, I have never actually joined any church, although I have given years of devoted service in several congregations at different times, feeling that in this way I could best retain my attitude of open-mindedness toward all sects. To me religion is life, not a creed. I have ever been convinced that, regardless of belief, there can be in all the teachings of Christianity no higher law than that of loving kindness.

CHAPTER III

MY READING AND STUDIES ALONG VARIED LINES

Let there be many windows in your soul,
That all the glories of the universe may beautify it.

MY reading seems always to have gone in campaigns, and the reaction from romantic novels sent me into the realm of phrenology and philosophy. The books and charts of O. S. Fowler, the well known phrenologist who was very popular in the early '50's, found in me a most loyal and devoted student. His "Phrenological Journal" and other works, the expression of new lines of advanced thought and ideas, were brought into the community where I lived by some of the neighbor immigrants, and with all the enthusiasm of youth I plunged into a study of this most interesting subject. My experience in phrenology came in the days when I was a hero worshiper, and I believed O. S. Fowler to be the greatest man that had ever lived.

I have seldom pursued any line of reading from merely idle curiosity, but have usually demanded some working knowledge as a return for my efforts. So it came about that I was frequently consulted

by my neighbors, who were anxious to be told of their own qualities, but even more interested to know about their children and their capabilities. I found that I was often able to serve in this capacity, much to my joy and to the enlightenment of my friends. The benefits of the study of phrenology have accompanied me throughout my life, making people more readily intelligible, and often affording me a sympathetic understanding of individuals that has enabled me to grasp causes clearly and to serve where I might have injured.

From this same source I gained my first knowledge of the power the mother may exert over her unborn child during the prenatal period, and of many kindred subjects which served me well in later years.

After studying the writings of this man for years, I had the opportunity in Freeport of hearing him lecture. I had felt that this would be a crowning experience, but when I actually looked upon him in the flesh, I met with a disappointment common to hero worshipers. My own husband, I thought a much handsomer man, and decidedly a more fluent speaker.

At the same time in which I was interested in Fowler, I came upon Combe's "Constitution of Man." This, I am told, is now out of print, but in that day it was widely read. It was concerned

chiefly with the geological history of the earth, and went back in point of time to the creation of the world. To many people, the theories contained therein seriously upset the Bible story of Creation, and hence their belief in much else that is contained in the Scriptures. As for myself, it opened up another world of speculation for my active and liberal mind. As to its relation to the Genesis, I felt not so much disquieted, as confirmed in the feeling that it was largely a statement of the same thing. It is strange that this did not augment the feeling of revolt against the Bible which has possessed me all through my life, in spite of my efforts to be open-minded,—a revolt begun in my childhood days when, perched on a chair far too high for me, I sat watching and waiting for the sun, hanging seemingly stationary in the heavens, to decend and bring to an end my father's intonation of the Scriptures.

The knowledge gained from this reading met a real need in my development at this time. In fact all through my life, things and persons have so uniformly come to me when I have needed them, that I have come to believe as thoroughly in a presiding genius as ever the Romans did.

A very short time later I discovered Dr. Trall's "Encyclopedia," a popular work of the day, and learned something of that exponent of the water cure. This I went into with enthusiasm. In the

vicinity where I lived there was a stagnant mill pond,—a constant cause of epidemics in the neighborhood. The physicians of that day cautioned everyone stricken to take quinine and calomel, which, however, did not always effect a cure. Through my reading, I had become well versed in hydropathy, or the water treatment, and was practising it in my family. Even the neighbors, observing my success, commenced to call on me, and I practised it for years after that. In fact, looking back, I believe that from that day to this, I have had very little of allopathy, the old-school method of treatment, in my family.

After Fowler and Combe, I went into the writings of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Darwin. Mill and Spencer place the emphasis upon the facts of life which we discern through the senses, and just at the age when speculation and scepticism are tending to drive one into chaos, I found them of great value as a steadying influence. I felt a kinship with their philosophy, too, in that it swept away many of the traditional doctrines of the church. I became a follower of Darwin after reading his first book in '58 or '59, and was at once greatly interested in the theories set forth in the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man."

Another period of novel reading followed shortly after this. Not for romance and adventure did I

now seek, but for the gleanings of the philosophical and psychological mind. All of George Eliot I read at this time, and I found her unsurpassed in her worship of humanity, in love for her fellow men, and her philosophy of humanism. Later I learned that she had been influenced in her college days by Spencer and Mill. I was attracted to the whole class of writers who had a philosophy of life and power and insight in the portrayal of human nature. I look upon this reading as basic and formative in relation to my after life.

At Freeport, Illinois, I heard Emerson lecture. I began his works by reading the essay on "Compensation," and afterwards read all that he wrote.

It was not long after my marriage that I read Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man." I had always heard his name connected with the hell of the theologians, and he was denounced in many orthodox homes as an emissary of the devil. I began the reading with some misgiving but, when I had finished the volume, was convinced that he was no more of an infidel than I. His political beliefs appealed to me; I could appreciate anything that was uplifting and fine. I was beginning to live without the bounds of my early surroundings, and to go on to a more liberal line of thought.

I recall that in my enthusiasm over Thomas Paine, I sent to Boston for his picture, which I

hung in my home. On seeing this, some of my neighbors would not come into my house until I had turned the picture to the wall. I could easily understand their narrow vision; had I their ideals, I thought, I would feel the same. Their contempt for the teachings of Thomas Paine made no impression upon me, but I gratified them and yielded—they should not see the face of Thomas Paine when they were so sorely convinced that he was an emissary of the devil. But the man who had written into our history those words, "These are the times that try men's souls," had become to me an ideal, and I feel that in the world today he is much better understood than formerly.

In 1857 the first issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* was published, and in its pages I read Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which began in that number.

While living in Racine, Wisconsin, I came to know the Reverend Simmons, of Kenosha, who occasionally filled the pulpit of the Universalist Church in Racine. He was a man of strong scientific bias, who attracted to his audiences, because of the scientific nature of his sermons, many from outside the usual church membership. He supplied me from time to time with books, among them his own publication, "New Tables of Stone." He it was who first put into my hands Henry Maudsley's "Responsibility

in Mental Disease," published in 1874, the result of forty years of observation and study as head of an insane asylum in London. To this volume I attribute my earliest interest in criminology. From this and later reading on similar lines, I have come to believe that many who are committed as the consequence of some unfortunate act, the result of an unbalanced condition of the brain, to the criminal class, are so just by circumstance, that no class of people are so little understood as those we call criminal. The University of Southern California maintains a chair in criminology; it is my idea that every university of learning should give over a department to a study of this subject. A better understanding and a greater feeling of responsibility for these unfortunate human beings would result, and this is still before us in the road that leads to a better, broader civilization.

My intensive interest and work in psychology and along psychic lines, prompted always by a desire to know myself, came during my life at Fargo. In England in 1882, a group of eminent scientists had formed what was known as the Society of Psychical Research, organized for the purpose of making a systematic investigation of those psychic phenomena generally branded as spiritualistic, but of which so little is known. In 1884 a similar society was established in America. In 1904 the combined Brit-

ish and American societies numbered thirteen hundred members, among them Henry Sidgwick, Frederic W. H. Myers, A. J. Balfour, and many others. A wave of interest in psychic research was sweeping the country at this time; psychologists were sent to Europe, and also commissioned in this country to examine into psychic experiences. The work of these scientists was first published in pamphlet form, but today the results of their research fill more than twenty volumes. I became greatly interested in their discoveries, as they were given out in published form.

In 1893, Thomson Jay Hudson published his book, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena." I first found this work on a visit to Racine, and later interested a group of my Fargo neighbors in an investigation of its theories. We formed a circle of about half a dozen women, for the sole purpose of experimenting along the lines suggested to us by Hudson. Our success—for we were successful—lay in the fact that, within our little circle, we were a unit. Some of the things that we accomplished can be explained by the laws of physics; many remain today unexplained by the scientists who have devoted years of effort toward their solution. While in my life I have had some experiences which I am unable to understand, I cannot believe that anyone could understand them, for they are outside

the realm of the psychology of today. But this I do believe: that there is nothing within this universe that is supernatural, though it may be said to be supernormal. There are undiscovered laws of which we have not yet got possession, though future generations may understand them and wonder at our blindness,—as we look back today upon a generation which believed electricity and lightning to be an expression of the wrath of the gods.

In later years my reading has been more discursive than at any other period, owing to the fact that it has been governed by the studies I have followed at different times. As suggestions have come from my university courses, I have seemed to drift more extensively into biography. With reference to the writing of an autobiography, I noted recently in a life history the comment that by the time one comes to write his memoirs, he has usually lost his memory,—a worthy admonition, I thought it, to keep the mind ever active and interested in present-day problems.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE AND DOMESTIC LIFE

I MET my first husband, John A. Davis, in 1845, in Stephenson County, Illinois, to which place the Davis family had moved from western Pennsylvania, on the great tide of immigration ushered in by the year 1837. When he was fourteen years of age, his family settled in the woods of Rock River bottom on government land. Northern Illinois was in the making, and to the pioneer labor of building the State he may be said to have devoted his young manhood. Although he had no schooling after the age of fourteen, his efforts toward self education went on uninterruptedly throughout his life. Of the history of his country and political science he had an intimate knowledge, and he kept abreast of the developments of his time. More than all, he was an idealist; he found inspiration and joy in the poets, particularly Shelley, Burns, Whittier, and Longfellow, who united with their love of nature the philosophy that glorifies the commonplaces of daily life. He was public spirited, and a leader in the promotion of all community interests.

There was nothing unusually romantic in our

courtship. We came to know each other through my visits to his sisters, between whom and myself a girlhood intimacy had matured. He was seven years my senior, and by nature reticent and distant,—a man of absorbed and studious habits.

For the two years preceding my marriage, I had been employed as teacher in the little log school house from which I had graduated at the age of sixteen. I was only just eighteen years of age when I resigned to be married. On May 24, 1849, my husband and I took up life together in Rock Run township, ten miles from Freeport in northern Illinois. Ours was a union that carried with it the united blessings of common interests and ideals, a mutual respect and understanding, and a deep love.

John H. Addams, the father of Jane Addams, was for years our neighbor and intimate friend. The Addams family lived at Cedarville, where Mr. Addams owned a grist mill.

The multiplied interests of stock farm, saw mill, and general store, besides the demands of community and State politics, occupied my husband's attention outside the home, while I gave myself up to the joyous occupation of home making. The station of Davis, on the C., M. & St. P. R. R., marks a spot one and a half miles from our home. Here came to me the great experiences of life,—success, failure, love, birth, and death.

Four children, three sons and a daughter, were

born to me here. The oldest son was born February 28, 1850. He was one of those souls one sees only occasionally, too delicately organized to withstand the hard conditions of this earthly life. Until he was nine months old he had never uttered an articulate word, when one day, while sitting before an open door, he became attracted by a tree swaying in the breeze, and with face alight exclaimed, "Pretty, pretty, pretty!" The look of maturity he always wore was remarked by everyone. He tarried with us only for the short period of twenty months. Before his spirit passed on, some beatific vision transfigured his precious baby features, and again came the first words we have ever heard him utter—"Pretty, pretty, pretty!" and the little human voice was stilled forever. What artist-poet's soul was this that had chosen us as the doorway for his entrance into life, had warmed our hearts with such ineffable joy for a moment's time, and then had so triumphantly fared forth again!

My second son, John Jefferson, was born November 2, 1852. He received his education in the schools of Freeport and at the State University of Illinois, from which he was a member of the first graduating class. For thirty years he practiced medicine in Racine, Wisconsin. He was primarily a botanist, however, all his life, and had gathered a very comprehensive herbarium of flora from all

over the world. From its beginning, he was a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and was frequently consulted by the horticulturists from Madison, regarding the extermination of plant pests and on kindred subjects. He later abandoned his practice and accepted an invitation to join the science faculty in the University of Wisconsin, where he is today.

My third son, Hiram Gates, lived but two years and eight months,—an energetic, vital type of child, full of playful activity. He met his death by drowning. He and his brother were throwing stones into the river that supplied our mill race. In venturing to hurl a stone larger than usual he lost his balance, and before his brother, who was the only one near, realized that he was in danger, he had passed beyond the possibility of help.

My daughter, Elizabeth, now Mrs. Park Wooster, of Racine, Wisconsin, was born December 1, 1859. She is gifted with many of her father's characteristics of voice and manner, as well as with his mental and moral qualities. She received her early education in the schools of Freeport and Racine, and later graduated from a school of oratory in Boston. For the four years immediately preceding her marriage, she taught elocution and physical culture in the Milwaukee College.

When my daughter was two years old, the cloud

of civil war, which had been gathering for years, broke upon us, and the husband and father of our home was among the first to answer the call. The glory and wonder of the years of motherhood had brought the horrors of slavery home to me with crushing weight. I was surrounded by the atmosphere of precious baby love, and well knew what parting meant to me. How less could it tear the heart of the mother whose skin was black! What agony of suffering must she endure, who had no natural right to protect her child! Always this was a vivid realization to me. I recall well a sleepless night when, walking the floor, it came to me: "If any sacrifice that I could make of my happiness would do away with this thing we call slavery, would I be willing to make that sacrifice?" Studying it over, I vowed to my innermost self that I would. When later my husband had to go, it came to me that I must be true to that vow, and I was. It helped me. And when after his death, and I was suffering from a paralysis of the nervous system, to myself I said: "If this could not have come in any other way, I accept it; I accept it." It was the tragedy of war. And in our recent European conflict, it has been my experience that I could not read of a battle where many had fallen, but I was with the families of those boys when the fateful telegram came, with the fatherless children, the wives, the

mothers, the sisters,—for it was through suffering in the home that war had come to me.

When war first was declared, I had not thought for a moment but that it would be a contest of very short duration. President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand men, and that number quickly rallied to his support. Then followed the call for three hundred thousand. Things began to look very serious; I felt a weight upon my shoulders. My husband was a home-loving man, devoted to his family; I knew how hard it would be for him to go, and that it was my duty to help him. I was in a tumult of conflicting thought and emotion. At a war meeting held in the Davis town hall my husband made a speech. He was an effective talker. I knew what was coming; I felt I must, like him, think only of country, and so I said on the way home: "John, if I were a man there is nothing would keep me at home at such a time." Quick was his response: "The hardest battle has been fought and won; to leave my home is the hardest task I can ever meet; all the rest will be easy."

A later war meeting in our town was held in a huge tent belonging to the Seven Day Adventists. Stephenson County's quota was six companies. My husband was one of the speakers at this meeting. He was always forceful in public speech; his face now was alight, and I knew what he was about to

say. As he rose on this particular afternoon to take charge of the meeting, he said, remembering his work with Governor Yates in the previous months: "Boys, hitherto I have said to you, 'Go,' but now I say, 'Come with me.' " He at once joined as a private. I shall never forget the scenes, following this announcement, and the rapid joining of man after man, filling that company and another within the short time remaining that afternoon. There were the tears and moanings of broken-hearted mothers and wives, and many overcome by their feelings were borne from the tent in a fainting condition.

My husband continued his labors, raising company after company, until our quota was filled. He was made colonel of a regiment, and I soon saw him march away. The awful hurt of his going was offset by my belief in the holiness of the cause and the knowledge that at last I had upheld my sacred vow registered in agony of soul; suffering became sublime, and separation a glorified compensation. He was almost mortally wounded at the battle of Shiloh in April, 1862, the wound rendering his right arm helpless. Although forced to leave the service for a time, he returned to his regiment as soon as he was able to sit upon a horse. He was again wounded at Mattamora, Tennessee, and after five days passed from this earthly life.

I was left desolate indeed. The old home and all of its associations brought me only pain, now that my loved one had departed, though to be sure I was but one of thousands who bore this cross. I transferred my home to Freeport, and took up life again as best I could.

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise.

. . . . . .

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.

—*Richard Realf.*

. . . . . .

My son and daughter were to be educated, and to this now I turned my attention. Nor did I neglect opportunities for my own self-culture, which had been bountifully nourished in the virile, mental companionship of my husband. For a western town in the sixties, Freeport had many advantages. Situated on one of the few western railroads, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, it was visited by many

speakers of note. The Andover and other similar bands had gone into the West to carry thither the refinements of civilization and education. They were now reaching back to their home land hands of invitation to her great and wise ones, to keep them in touch with the advance of the East. So it came about that many such groups touched the life of our town. Here I first heard Emerson lecture. I afterwards read everything that he had written, beginning with his essay on "Compensation." I make special mention of him, since his liberal thought touched me at a timely moment, and also because the seed of his thought sown then is bearing fruit in the new consciousness of today. During the years 1918 and 1919, while in California, I attended a church bearing his name, and was a member of an Emerson Class in which his message is receiving an interpretation vital to the times.

In 1870 I met Mr. Eugene B. Winship, of Racine, Wisconsin, and a year later became his wife. Our life together, covering a period of thirty-six years, was one of mutual comradeship, and for myself a period of self-expression. In the field of temperance reform I found an opportunity for service, for which my previous life and thought had been preparing me. This, however, is told more completely in another chapter.

In 1882, on account of Mr. Winship's failing

A. D. WINSHIP
IN 1860

health, we removed to Fargo, North Dakota. While my husband followed a business which took him pretty well over the State, I took up life on a claim lying in the environs of Fargo. My nearest neighbors were a mile away. In spite of the vigorous activity demanded of one who settles upon a claim, I found many spare hours for thought and study, devoting myself in this leisure time to a thorough reading and consideration of the works of English novelists. Character was my objective, and I read carefully and slowly, usually taking but a single volume of each author. Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Miss Mulock, Charlotte Bronte, Hall Caine, and many others occupied my leisure hours. My daughter supplied me with books from Milwaukee, where she was teaching.

Our home was in the town of Fargo from 1883 to 1900. Here again I resumed the activities of church and civic life, and invested the time and energy I had allowed myself for self-culture to a more complete understanding of the human species. The study of psychology and psychic phenomena interested me greatly. In all this work my husband lent his interest and discriminating co-operation. He sometimes protested at the expenditure of energy, but left me free to follow the inward bent.

In 1900 we removed to Jacksonville, Texas, where I found infinite pleasure in the cultivation of a half

acre of Texas ground in roses and strawberries. Here, amid the simple surroundings of domestic life, my husband and I spent the last six years of his life together.

Jacksonville is located on the Trinity River in northeastern Texas, in the midst of a picturesque wooded country, covered throughout the year with a wonderful carpet of grass. The climate is genial and the soil fertile. On our small bit of ground I realized my dream of having fruits and flowers almost throughout the year. Gardens were usually grown there beginning in February, and by midsummer were pretty well gone; strawberries were thought impossible late in the season, as the midsummer sun burned them out. I sent two hundred miles for my strawberry plants. The soil was a sandy loam, and as a fertilizer cotton seed meal was used. I planted cow pease, which grew like weeds there, as a covering for the strawberries during the heat of the day. The experiment was successful, and our half-acre produced large quantities of berries. Dewberries, blackberries, and all sorts of small fruit also grew abundantly.

Our little plot of ground was compassed during the first year by vacant lots grown to weeds. The west side of the house—a typical southern one, with porches front and rear—was covered with morning glories. Sown by the wind, these twining plants

spread rapidly over the adjacent ground, and in our second year, every fence post, every stalky weed, was entwined with the purple, pink, and blue blossoms, wonderful in coloring. Roses, phlox, honeysuckle, Cape jasmine, flowering shrubs of all sorts, lent color and perfume to our surroundings.

The mocking bird, "sweetest of singers," sang from the neighboring thickets of holly trees and of oak entwined with mistletoe. Everywhere color, perfume, music, delighted the senses. This was the poetry of life. Even my improvised out-door laundry—prosaic enough in most instances—was here hedged in by greenery, through which the flowers peeped intimately, and into which penetrated the wood-bird's song.

To protect ourselves from the "northers," those incomprehensible and chilling winds, we imported large wood stoves, thus assuring a year of perfect comfort.

For thirteen years we had wrestled with ill-health, for the betterment of which we had tried varying climates and surroundings, and now, by a queer turn of fate, my husband's life was terminated by an accident. Riding his bicycle one day, he ran afoul a picket rope to which a cow was tethered, and was thrown violently to the ground. The resulting fracture of the skull caused his death four days later. This was in July, 1906. He was

laid to rest in Jacksonville cemetery. We were almost the only northern family in the town, and were strangers in a strange land, but throughout our stay we were tendered the most genuine hospitality of the justly famous South. When my husband passed away I was given an extraordinary demonstration of the kindness of their hearts. They took charge of me, of my home, and of all the necessary arrangements to be made. I cannot say enough in recognition of their ministrations at that time.

After the death of this husband, the world became my home. Fifty years of my life has been blessed with the comradeship of two good men. With the one I spent the years of my youth and won the sacred benediction of motherhood; with the other, the years of mature life, from which there flowed a beneficent self-expression. The cycle of married life closed, I now became a citizen of the world.

CHAPTER V

POLITICAL EXPERIENCES

MY interest in political affairs was first awakened, I believe, by the narratives of an old soldier, a veteran of the American Revolution, who lived in our neighborhood when I was a child of seven or eight. He dwelt constantly amid the scenes of those stirring Colonial days, and on the slightest provocation would repeat his experiences to any listening ear. While at the time I comprehended little of the cause and righteousness of our war for independence, the hours spent at his feet as I listened breathlessly to his tale of grave adventures had engendered within my childish heart much of his own hatred for the red-coats. How I did hate the red-coats! Doubtless it was an appeal to my inherent hatred of anything that savored of human oppression. Certain it is that I here gained my first though faint concept of the institution known as the State, and the principles of statecraft and politics operating behind it; it was the dawning in some indefinable way of my interest in human governments. At least, I have been more than a mere

spectator of political movements from my girlhood days.

From my first knowledge of the principles of Thomas Jefferson, contained in the Declaration of Independence, that expression of Americanism has taken possession of me. It takes possession of me today, and throughout the years it has been my political creed. To no political party can I subscribe my unstinted support, into which I cannot take as a foundation stone and an expression of my principles, the Declaration of Independence. That is why, during the period preceding our Civil War I was an Abolitionist; it is why I am a Socialist today. For four years previous to the war I would not attend a Fourth of July celebration; I could not hear the Declaration of Independence read, when its reading was so in utter discord with the consciousness that we were holding in abject slavery more than four million people. When the Whig party went down, the progressive people of that and other parties, the Anti-Slavery party, the Abolitionists, the Free Soil party, and the liberal element of the Democratic party, had all come together to make up the new Republican party, organized at Jackson, Michigan, in July, 1854. The new party stood openly and unreservedly opposed to the extension of slavery. Previous to the time when I became an Abolitionist I had been a Jefferson

Democrat, but to this new party I now gave such support as a woman might, for in it I believed I saw the redemption of our country from the greatest social curse that had ever blighted a nation. My husband shared my views.

Shortly after this he became a member of the Illinois Legislature, and I went with him to reside at Springfield. Here I was in touch with all the stirring events of the momentous decade preceding the Civil War. Springfield was on the line extending east and west across the State of Illinois that divided the pro-slavery and the anti-slavery constituencies, and was, to say the least, a poor place to cultivate indifference or ignorance in regard to the political situation. It was, too, the home of Lincoln and Douglas, and hence in a very definite way the center of the slavery controversy.

Although war measures and slavery discussion occupied the major part of the legislator's attention, the interests of peace also received a notable share. One thing which I recall is of special importance to the later development of Illinois as an agricultural State. The State university was at this time being organized pre-eminently along classical lines. Professor Turner, of Jacksonville, with the far-seeing vision and purpose of a pioneer, had seen the need, in addition to the classical curriculum, of agricultural training for the young men of the State.

It was my husband's high privilege to tour the northern part of the State with Professor Turner, and afterwards to be instrumental in securing the appropriation that made this plan possible of realization. At Urbana in 1867, through the United States land grant of 1862, the Illinois Industrial University, offering industrial and agricultural courses, was established, later to be known as the University of Illinois. My son, then but fifteen years old, because of his father's efforts and interest in the establishment of the University, was offered a scholarship, of which by diligent study he availed himself. He was later a member of the first graduating class.

In the special session of the legislature, early in 1861, Mr. Davis had ably seconded the patriotic efforts of the War Governor, Richard Yates, in putting into the field the first volunteer soldiers of Illinois in the Civil War.

To me, a woman yet on the threshold of life, the social activities of the State capital held an interest second only to the political. My own best powers of thought and expression quickened and came forth under the touch of kindred minds, and blossomed in the atmosphere of human converse.

I should not fail at this time to make mention of John M. Bryant, brother of William Cullen Bryant, whom I met here. He himself wrote poetry

of much real merit, and had he not had the misfortune to be born into the family of a genius, his poetry, too, would have received its just due of recognition. A poet, to my mind, stood higher than the rest of mankind. Often I sat on an ottoman at his feet and talked to him of his poetry. "Why, you are a poet," he remarked to me one day. "Why no," I said, "I couldn't write a line of poetry." "You mean you are not a rhymester?" he went on. "There is many a poet who is not a rhymester, and many a rhymester who is not a poet." He always seemed to me to be one of a high company, to which I felt I could not belong.

Here, too, I came to know personally the greatest man of the age, and one of the greatest of all ages, —Abraham Lincoln. He was freest from pretense of any person I have ever known. What he said, when he said it, seemed most natural and ordinary, but what power was it that transmuted his sayings into words of immortal force to your mind after he had gone! My personal acquaintance with the great Emancipator has been the highest privilege in my life.

The terrible experience that was mine during the period of the Civil War left an indelible mark upon me, and I regretted deeply our entrance into the world war. I came to be seriously misunderstood in the State of California, because of the stand I

took in regard to it. I had made a great sacrifice to make and keep this a free country; I believed it to be my inherent right to express openly what I felt, so long as it was the fruit of sincere conviction.

An instance of the extremes to which so-called patriotism was carried in the year 1918 was that of the treatment accorded to my friend, the Reverend Robert Whitaker. He had a small church in San Gatos, and a following of people interested in religion and in his preaching. Robert Whitaker had been a friend of mine through correspondence. A newspaper account of his arrest on warrant for preaching a sermon interpreted to be an advocacy of pacifism, came to my attention, and I at once telephoned to the warden of the institution where he was imprisoned, inquiring as to the truth of the report, and asking if I might see him. I could, and went directly to the jail. At that time I had not met Robert Whitaker. I was taken to his cell and during the limited time of fifteen minutes, we met and talked together through the bars. I could think of little else than the story of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde, for in contrast to that of his jailer, Robert Whitaker's face was a benediction. His case was later tried and he was given his liberty,—only after having been subjected to ninety days' unjust imprisonment, for which no reparation was made to him.

This and other similar acts aroused my indignation and as a strong believer in justice I could not fail to express my mind in regard to such violations of individual liberty. I am sure I am not wanting in a true patriotism, but I cannot join the great celebration of the peace which has been declared, while I think of the prison bars behind which even now, seven months after the armistice was agreed upon, thousands of good loyal citizens are languishing as conscientious objectors. Why do we not, as other nations have done, set free our political prisoners, and recognize the right to liberty of every citizen of the United States?

One day during the winter of 1918-19 I was visited in Los Angeles by two gentlemen, one of whom, before any mention was made of their mission, accosted me with the query, "You are a Socialist?" I answered yes. "That is anarchism," he exclaimed. He went on to say that he and his companion were agents of a Liberty Loan committee; that they wanted a certain amount of money from me, and asked whether or not I would give it. I answered that I would not. "You have a pension?" he asked. I admitted it. "We'll take care of that," he said. "And there is a draft at the bank to your credit." I had myself had no knowledge of this. "Now, will you give us this money?" he asked in a threatening tone. I still shook my head. "We will take care of that," he repeated. I then told him that what

little surplus I could spare I was using to aid in the employment of attorneys to try the cases of those persons whom I felt had been unjustly incarcerated. "Now," he said, "you have said enough to put you behind the bars." "There is many a better person than I behind the bars," I reminded him. Believing that he meant it, I took measures to protect my property from the rapacity of these legalized robbers. It is to the credit of the United States that a few days later a government agent called and apologized for the rudeness of the Liberty Loan solicitors. This reparation I accepted in the spirit in which it was given, but I cannot but deplore the fact that a country that has passed twice through a crusade for freedom should surrender itself to a pernicious fanaticism at this time. We are past the age of mob consciousness.

As frequently in the past, so have I recently been obliged to part company with some dear friends, because they cannot with me see the salvation for our ills in an unpopular movement. Such misunderstanding of friends is always bitter, but it is not to be weighed against the rights of human beings, and certainly not against conscience. The incident in California was not my first experience of standing alone; I went through the same experience when I became identified with the Abolitionist party,—as unpopular a cause, if not more so than Socialism

is today. The experience has been the same, and for the same cause,—my faith in mankind and my love for humanity.

These lines of Shakespeare, I have always felt, best express my own feeling:

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

CHAPTER VI

JOHN A. DAVIS. WAR RECORD: DEATH: MEMORIAL

ELSEWHERE in this volume has been told in part the story of John A. Davis and his service to his country in the opening years of the Civil War, and his death while leading his men in a charge at Mattamora, Tennessee. Shortly after his death, I had suffered a collapse, and with my two small children to care for, had entrusted my business affairs to another. This, however, proved afterwards to have been a mistake, for after some unfortunate happenings, I found that the greater part of my income was lost to me. It had been my plan to erect a monument to the memory of my husband in the cemetery where he lay. This had become impossible, as I must now direct all my efforts and funds to the education of my children. The memorial must wait until this thing of greater importance had been accomplished. This was as their father would wish. And so it was not until my son's education was completed and he had become self supporting that I could appropriate the funds thus used for his schooling to my purpose, and it was

several years later before my savings had reached a sum sufficient to gratify my desire for a memorial.

In the meantime, as the years had passed and I had become more and more alive to the crying needs of the world, and to our inadequacy and tardiness in meeting them, I grew averse to the expenditure of large sums of money in memorials that had no further purpose than that of marking a final resting place. And awake to this conviction, I commenced to look about for a means of offering to the world a lasting memorial which should be of some help to humanity. Reading one day in the *Unity Magazine* of the erection of the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago, it came to me that there I might find the thing I wanted to do. I went to the Reverend Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who was directing the work of the Centre, and we talked it over. It was then arranged that I should furnish and endow for all time to come, a room in this Centre, to be known as the John A. Davis Guest Room, which should be free to any and to the many the world over who come to this and other centres for a study of Chicago's work along the lines of social reform.

This room is today his living memorial. A formal dedication took place on Sunday, May 26, 1907, and the fuller story of my husband's life and activities I shall leave to be told by three of the speakers at that ceremony of dedication,—General Smith

D. Atkins, of Freeport, Illinois; Reverend Jenkin Lloyd Jones, then editor of the *Unity Magazine*, and Jane Addams, a former neighbor, and best known for her years of service at Hull House.

General Smith D. Atkins, introduced on that day as the man in all Illinois who was most conversant with the soldier lore of the State, a friend, neighbor, and intimate comrade of my husband, Colonel Davis, spoke as follows:

It affords me great pleasure to be present on this interesting occasion, and join with you in dedicating this Guest Chamber in memory of John A. Davis, one of God's noblemen, an honest man.

I knew him well. When he was a candidate for the legislature in 1860, almost a half century ago, I was one of the speakers at a Republican meeting with him at Van Brocklin's School House, in Stephenson County. From that time until he gave his life to his country, I was intimate with him, and loved and admired him. In the special session of the Illinois legislature early in 1861 he ably seconded the patriotic efforts of Governor Richard Yates, the Elder, the War Governor of Illinois, in putting into the field the first volunteer soldiers of Illinois in the great Civil War.

I enlisted in the first Company raised in Freeport, in April, 1861, in the three months' service, and went to the front. In July of that year, when the term of the first enlistment expired, I re-enlisted with the majority of Company A, 11th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, for three years, and in that month I re-

turned to Stephenson County to fill up my Company with new enlistments, and at one meeting held for that purpose, at Davis, in Stephenson County, John A. Davis was one of the speakers. After the meeting I took the train for Freeport, and John A. Davis was on the same train to ride to Rock City Station, and he earnestly said to me, "Atkins, is it necessary for men like me, with wife and family to support, to enlist in this war?" I replied in substance, "Yes, John, it is. It is going to be a great war, and will require all the resources of the nation. I know that you will enlist, you will become a soldier, you cannot help doing it; all you can do is to determine the time of your enlistment. If you go now you can take with you half a dozen Companies from Stephenson County, and lead a Regiment. No other man in Stephenson County could do that. You can do it, and you ought to do it." We had some further conversation, and when the train arrived at Rock City, and he left the cars and bade me good-bye, he said, while still holding my hand, "Atkins, what you have said has made a deep impression upon my mind—it may be my duty, and I may go now." He did enlist, and, as soon as it was known that John A. Davis had enlisted as a soldier, the young men of Stephenson County flocked to his standard and full five Companies were soon enlisted in that one County, and the 46th Illinois Infantry was organized with John A. Davis as Colonel.

During those exciting times in Stephenson County I was absent with my Company and Regiment at Bird's Point, Missouri, and I did not meet him again until on the battlefield of Fort Donelson. While has-

tening with my Company and Regiment to the right of the line investing that fort, I passed the 46th Illinois Volunteers that had just reached the field and was waiting for a proper assignment in the line of battle, but had time only for a hasty hand-shake with my old friend. My Company and Regiment were in the Brigade commanded by Col. William H. L. Wallace, of Illinois, and the 46th Regiment was in the command of Lew Wallace of Indiana. That battle was the first baptism of fire of the 46th Illinois, and the gallant Colonel and his gallant Regiment did splendid service in helping to gain the first great victory under Grant in the Western Army.

After the battle of Fort Donelson I was assigned to duty as the Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the 4th Division of the Army of the Tennessee, Brigadier General Stephen A. Hurlbut, Commander, and Col. Davis, with his Regiment, was attached to a Brigade of that Division, and I had an opportunity to renew my association with him. In the battle of Shiloh, in April, 1862, while gallantly leading his gallant Regiment, Col. Davis received a terrible wound, a minie ball striking him in the right breast, passing through his lung, and out through his shoulder blade. That was an awful battle, and Col. Davis bore well his part in it. My old Colonel, William H. L. Wallace, of the 11th Illinois Volunteers, who was promoted to Brigadier General after the battle of Fort Donelson, and who commanded a Division in the battle of Shiloh, was killed, and so was my friend, Capt. Silas Wright Field, who was promoted to Captain of my old Company when I was promoted to Major. After the battle of

Shiloh, while Col. Davis was on a steamer at the landing preparatory to going to the hospital at Mound City, he sent for me, and I hastened quickly to him, finding him in the texas of the steamboat, and at his request and dictation I wrote for him his official report of that battle. Often I climbed up on the berth he occupied, and lifted him up so the blood could gush out of his wound. When I finished writing his report and bade him good-bye I never expected to see him alive again, for I thought his wound mortal.

Months passed away. Owing to ill health I left the front and in the summer of 1862, when our good President "Father Abraham" called for "Six hundred thousand more" volunteers, I acted as recruiting officer in the Congressional District in Northern Illinois at that time represented in Congress by Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, and put into camp at Rockford, Illinois, forty-four companies of volunteers, and in that camp I was a candidate for Colonel. Col. John A. Davis was still suffering from the terrible wound that he received at the battle of Shiloh, confined to his bed on his farm twenty miles northwest of Rockford, when he heard a rumor that I was to be defeated as a candidate for colonel, and ordering feather beds put into the old family carriage he hastened to Rockford. Word came to me at camp that Col. Davis was at the Holland House and wanted to see me, and I hastened to the city and hotel, and found him lying on the bed in my room. He told me that when he heard they were trying to beat me for Colonel he could not stand it, and resolved to come at once to Rockford if it cost him

his life. That is the kind of friendship Col. Davis had for me. I showed him a telegram from Governor Yates naming the Companies that were to be mustered into service under me as Colonel, showing that I could not be defeated, and Col. Davis was carried out of the hotel, placed on the feather beds in his family carriage, and returned to his farm.

I never saw him again. With my regiment, the 92nd Illinois, I went into the Army of the Cumberland, while his regiment remained in the Army of the Tennessee.

The terrible wound he had received at the battle of Shiloh made his good right arm useless, but he learned to write with his left hand, and as soon as he was able to sit on his horse, he returned to his regiment at the front, and while leading his men in a charge at the battle of Mattamora, Tennessee, October 5, 1862, he was again wounded. Five days later, at Bolivar, Tennessee, his noble spirit fled from its tenement of clay, and one of the noblest men, one of the most gallant soldiers who followed the flag in those awful days, lay dead.

All who knew him will cherish his memory tenderly, and his country, for which he gave his life, ought to build him a monument of gold. But, after all, he was only one among the many who died that liberty and country might live. The sweetest of Irish poets wrote:

"Blood like this
For Liberty shed, so holy is
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles 'mid the bowers of bliss.

Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon—an offering—heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

War is terrible. Said General Sherman in his correspondence with the Mayor of Atlanta, in 1864, "War is cruelty, and you can not refine it." "Peace with honor" should be the watchword with every civilized nation. "Let us have peace," said General Grant. He was the greatest soldier of the century in which he lived, and like all great soldiers, he loved peace. It was said by a great soldier: "The only valid excuse for any war is to conquer an honorable peace." Peace is always the object, the aim, of every just war. Will wars ever end in the world? Yes, if the time ever comes in this world when right and justice are supreme, when there is no wrong in the world to be righted, then wars will end, and there will be no longer any wars in the world. But that time is not yet. "We tread the paths our fathers trod," the same ceaseless round, the never ending circle of human ambition, "the everlasting to be which hath been"; always it has been true, always it will be true, that "rainbows of glory bending above battle fields are reflected from the sad tears of widows and orphans."

At one time I thought that wars were at an end in the world. That was more than half a century ago. I was a boy then. At that time there was being held in Europe a great World's Peace Convention, as there will soon be held one at The Hague, participated in by representatives of almost all civil-

ized nations, the leading thinkers and philanthropists of the world, then as now, for peace in the world was then, as now, the object of the learned and educated, and the thoughtful and humane of all nations. To avoid war, with all its horrors, has for many years been the hopeful dream of the wisest statesmen in the world. When I was a student at Rock River Seminary, in Mt. Morris, in Ogle County, I one day picked up on the street a little torn and crumpled piece of newspaper, and all that I found printed on it was,

"When the war-drums throb no longer and the battle flags are furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World."

All was profound peace at that time, and I believed that the age of reason had arrived, and that brain, not brawn, was to rule in the counsels of nations. But the drums do not cease their beating, and the war-flags are not furled, or, if they are, they do not remain furled for any very great length of time. Within my recollection some of the greatest wars that ever rocked the nations have taken place: the Crimean War between Russia and Turkey; the Civil War in America; the Franco-Prussian War; the Spanish-American War, light if measured by the actual loss of life, but tremendous in its results, taking from Spain all of her colonial possessions in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and transferring to America a vast empire in the Pacific eight thousand miles from our western coast, people by a strange

race, different in color and language from our own people, throwing upon us the "White Man's Burden" as Kipling wrote, one to be long borne, and the final ending of which no man is wise enough to foretell; and the tremendous war between Russia and Japan, so recently ended by the rough rider who is now the President of the great Republic, resulting surely in making a world-power of Japan, a new development among the Oriental nations, that many predict will within the lifetime of those now living measure strength with the people of this nation. At this very hour on the Continent of Europe more than a million of armed men stand ready at the clicking of a telegraphic instrument to spring at each other's throats. How would it be possible for me, in view of what has happened within my own memory, to predict that wars are at an end in the world? We may hope for peace in the world, but he would be a bold man indeed who would confidently predict it. In my opinion the safe way, and the only way, for the United States to maintain peace, is to be at all times ready for instant war, never demanding anything but simple justice, and never submitting to anything different from that.

Nations dealing with each other are, in some respects, like individuals dealing with each other. If two or three or a greater number of individuals have difficulties that they cannot settle, they may agree to a peaceful arbitration, and meet together, and may possibly come to an agreement among themselves. That is what The Hague Tribunal is for. Nations meet together at The Hague and try to settle their difficulties without an appeal to the awful

arbitrament of the sword. But, suppose that individuals so meeting together to settle their difficulties can come to no agreement among themselves, then they appeal to the courts to settle for them the difficulties they cannot themselves settle. The courts will call juries, take testimony as to the questions of fact, apply the law to the facts as found by juries, and issue its judgment or decree. The courts have power to enforce their decrees or judgments, and individuals must submit. But there is no court among nations with power to enforce its decrees. If the nations meet at The Hague and fail to settle their difficulties there is no court to which they can appeal to settle their difficulties for them. They must appeal to the sword. "Might makes right," among nations. It has been so in all the world's history, and it is so now.

Andrew Carnegie proposes that the most powerful nations, the United States, England, Germany, France, Spain, Russia, Japan, and all powerful nations, enter into an agreement to execute the judgments of The Hague against any nation that refuses to submit. Say that England refuses to submit, then all the world shall be banded together to compel England to submit, all the world being powerful enough to compel submission by the power of the sword. War is to be avoided by war. No such agreement has ever been entered into, and no man can now say that such an agreement ever will be entered into.

John Addams, organizer of the "Addams Guard," and neighbor and co-worker with my husband in all

the civic and martial strains of their pioneer life, spoke through his daughter, Jane:

I suppose all of the children who were born about the time of the Civil War have recollections quite unlike those of children who are living now. The first thing I distinctly remember was the day I found floating from the two white gate-posts of our front yard two flags—one black and one red. Upon my eager inquiry as to what had happened, my father told me quite simply that the greatest man in the world had died, meaning, of course, Abraham Lincoln. I had never before seen my father cry; I had assumed, as all little children do, that men never cry, that only babies cry. That sight, the two flags and the impressive statement, stand out to me as my baptism, as it were, in the world, outside of the interest within that yard guarded by the white gate-posts.

I remember, hanging in the hallway, a roster of names headed by the words "Addams Guard," and we used to go over them again and again when we were children and could pile up enough dictionaries to reach the names, picking out those who had died in the war and those who had returned; those whose children we knew, and those whose brothers and sisters still lived in the county. And when drives were planned we would say, drive this way or that, so that we might pass the farm where such and such a one lived or where his family was still living. If there were any flowers to be taken we would always take them to the mother of the one whose name we knew from the Addams Guard.

I could go on with a dozen reminiscences that center about those names and the Civil War.

I remember on the occasions when we were allowed to take the family album (you know how it was always given to the children after their hands were washed and they were properly seated on a footstool), we would always open the first page to the picture of Colonel Davis. The ceremony seemed to me very solemn, and we would tell each other about that great man, who stood to us for the heroic, we would call him the brave soldier who at the head of his regiment had suffered wounds unto death.

I remember another picture of him which hung upon the wall, and when a guest would come who was interested in the roster in the hallway, he was always led by the eager children to this picture, that he might see the Colonel of the regiment.

These may seem very simple and feeble reminiscences, and yet at a time like this it seems impossible to do more than to stand up as a type of the children of that generation who cared so much for the things that were happening then—things which they did not understand, although they thrilled to the heroic suggestion. They understood, perhaps better than their elders, in that simplicity which is given to the understanding of a child, the underlying heroism which was there.

General Atkins, I am sure, will pardon me for speaking of it—how his coming to the house in those days, and that of "Uncle Dick Oglesby," were always days when we were stirred into the same consciousness that we were touching the heroic of the world, the great of earth, interested with people who

were outside of the village life which surrounded us through all the other days.

If this room which is dedicated to the name of this brave man may suggest to little children, to the growing youth who is ever eager to make the world a theater for heroic deeds, if it may stir in some of the older people who are beginning to doubt that the world is such a place and to consider it only the place for ordinary things; if this room and this name shall accomplish on a larger and a more enduring scale that which the simple photographs and memories produced in the minds of a little group of children so long ago, I want to congratulate this building for embodying in itself one more noble memory, for standing out as it does in its public name for men who were great because they were good, and who followed their convictions whither they led them.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones then said:

I find myself in the same frame of mind as George Eliot, "hating war but admiring the discipline connected therewith." When the human heart ceases to admire heroism and to love a hero, it will cease to be human. Alas for the nation that forgets its annals of bravery.

It will be forty-five years come the tenth day of October next, since John Davis breathed his last in a field hospital at Bolivar, Tenn. More than a generation of life, as measured by averages, has come and gone. Children have been born, nurtured at home firesides, trained in school rooms, have played on village greens, have loved, wooed, wedded, reared

homes and consecrated firesides with joys and sorrows, punctuated the journey of life with kisses and tears, and closed their eyes in death since John Davis passed away. And still, we are here today to speak his name with tenderness and reverence and to permanently associate it with this temple, devoted to peace, to civic righteousness, to the study and practice of the weapons of love and reason.

Why do we do this? With what spell did John Davis touch the generation into gratitude? With what high strategy did he defy time, flank oblivion itself, and secure for himself a place among the immortals, a memory that will be kept perpetually green, even in this great, rushing, wild, mad metropolis of business.

During these forty-five years captains of industry have won their high successes, amassed their fortunes, and have gone down into forgetfulness. During these forty-five years men honored in the schools, eminent in the professions, successful at political hustings, have lived and died, and their names, if found at all by the living, must be sought on the cold marble in the city of the dead. And still, the name of John Davis, a plain farmer of Stephenson County, pioneer of Rock Run, is spoken here this morning with tender affection and is to be forever associated with the hospitalities of this home of free thought, open fellowship and applied religion, which bears the name of his great compatriot, neighbor and colleague, the greatest of Americans, the noblest child of the nineteenth century—Abraham Lincoln.

Why is this? This question is not adequately answered by saying that he was a brave soldier, for

the sword of itself hath no power to defeat mortality. Forgetfulness has buried the unburied victims of a thousand battle fields.

John Davis received his commission as Colonel of the 46th Illinois Infantry on the 12th day of September, 1861: he died on October 10, 1862. The brief thirteen months' career is but a short paragraph, however, enkindling, in the thirty-eight years of his life, and the story of his last thirteen months was only such as might have been expected under the circumstances. His record was no surprise to his old neighbors. The mothers of Stephenson County turned to him in the great emergency and said, "If you go you may have our sons." His name headed the list of those who enlisted as private in the rally at the town house. The boys made him "Captain"; the governor made him "Colonel"; the generals knew where he belonged and gave him the post of danger.

Said the historian of the regiment, Lieutenant Thomas B. Jones:

"At Fort Donelson General Grant in person gave orders to Colonel Davis in a modest and unassuming way. I give his words as I now remember hearing them: 'Colonel Davis, will you support that battery over there? The other regiments appear to hesitate.' Colonel Davis' reply was: 'Attention, 46th!' "

And the regiment took the position under deadly fire.

When his grateful and solicitous neighbors begged the crippled man to forego the further toils and dangers of the tented field that he might carry their

confidence and commission into the United States Congress and take his place there as a helper of his old friend, Abraham Lincoln, he replied:

"As long as the war lasts I must share in the toils of the brave men who followed me into the smoke of Donelson and Shiloh. Where my boys go, there I shall go."

Five months hence the 46th was with Rosecrans at Corinth, Col. Davis, still a suffering invalid, in command. Guiding his horse with his left arm, standing in his stirrups, his last word of command was "Charge!" and this time death was not to miss its shining mark. The wound was fatal.

Lieutenant Jones, already quoted, gives John Davis' last speech, his dress parade address to the regiment, delivered a short week before the fatal bullet, prefacing the speech with the words:

"Spite of all remonstrance—for it was felt that he was unable to do duty and ought not, in justice to himself, return to the front, having the use of only one arm, being by no means strong—he returned to his regiment, by whom he was warmly welcomed—welcomed as one loved and long absent is always welcomed by those to whom he is dear. At dress parade he said:

" 'Officers and Soldiers of the 46th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers: It is now more than five months since I was carried helpless and bleeding from your rear, while you were engaged in the fierce and desperate struggle that decided the fate of the day on the then bloody, now historic, field of Shiloh. They have been months that brought pain, anguish,

suffering and death to many, alas, how many of your brave comrades! To you they have been months of danger, toil, fatigue, hardship and exposure, and now by what almost seems an intervention of divine Providence I am with you again, with health and strength sufficiently restored to again assume command over you. The unholy and wicked rebellion against your government still exists, and six hundred thousand loyal men of the North are arming themselves to assist you in making short work in crushing out these traitors to our country and to human kind. The most magnificent army the world ever saw will soon be moving down like an avalanche upon our enemies, and you who again and again have met your foes in battle, and always to conquer and triumph, will have the proud honor of marching in the front of this grand army, of being the forlorn hope that shall lead them over every obstacle, until the work of crushing out this rebellion shall have been accomplished and our proud banner and old ensign shall float in triumph and in peace over every square yard of the republic's soil. As God lives, as truth is mighty, as the right must prevail, so shall that day come. And a proud day for you and your Colonel, when, our work accomplished, we shall turn our faces and commence the march for our homes. From the land of your homes I now come, and proud am I of the reputation and good name you have already won for yourselves among your kindred and friends. Throughout our grand prairie State, among all the people, from our noble governor down to the very humblest, you are spoken of only in terms of the most exalted praise.

"'And now let it be your endeavor and mine to see that the prestige of your good name, so dearly won, shall not suffer; that when the history of your regiment shall be written it shall be truthfully said that for brave deeds of heroism on the field of battle, for soldierly qualities in camp or on the march, and for the number of good citizens that shall be returned from its ranks to the State, it was not surpassed by any regiment in the field.

"'And now you owe it to the memory of those brave comrades who so heroically gave their blood and their lives to aid you in earning that good name, to see that its prestige, so dearly won, shall not suffer.'"

Brilliant as is this record of *Colonel* John Davis, it alone is an inadequate explanation of this commemoration hour today. We are here because of the *man* that was back of the *Colonel.*

A man, first, who was disciplined by pioneer experiences, tempered by hardships, trained in the school of labor. Born in Meadville, Pa., in 1824, of stalwart parentage, he was borne westward on the crest of that wave of emigration to which the self-reliant and the independent trusted their destinies. When he was but fourteen years of age his father settled in the woods of the Rock River bottom on government land and the young boy bent himself, not only to the task of making a farm and building a home, but of creating a community, building school houses, organizing townships, shaping county governments, making the State of Illinois. Upon him the school room closed its door when he left

Meadville, but, notwithstanding this, his biographer is able to say:

"When he died few men of his age were so well versed in the history of his country, so deeply read in political science, so intimate with all the branches of knowledge. Colonel Davis was one of those farmers who have raised themselves to positions of honor by their own efforts. Well read, industrious, active and energetic, he was the chosen leader in his party and often held positions of honor and trust. As a member of the legislature he was known throughout the State; among his constituents no man was more popular than he."

In the second place, John Davis was a man illumined by the ideal, inspired by the poets. He lived on the highlands where reformers dwell. He breathed the atmosphere of poetry. Shelley, the immortal child, Burns, the minstrel of democracy, the lyrist of common life, Whittier and Longfellow, were his favorites and familiars. The former, I am told, represented his first love and greatest joy. "The Cloud" and "The Sky Lark" and "The West Wind," which Shelley saw, heard and felt, hung over the Illinois farms, sang in the Illinois trees and swept over the Illinois prairies when farmer John Davis plowed corn or harvested the golden grain.

We celebrate the man back of the colonel this morning for the third reason: He was perforce a liberal man; nay, that adjective is too trite; it is worn out. He was a liberated man, a free soul, an open mind. He could say with Shelley in the "Sensitive Plant":

"It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth have never passed away:
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure."

John Davis loved the reformers. He was not afraid to think; and this of necessity made him a lover of liberty. Truly does the Memorial Tablet say: "He died that the slave might be free." He took his orders from within; was not afraid of the defeat or the reproach that waits upon those who stand in the advance line. He was at home with heretics; took no note of the color and was not afraid of a black skin, for to him

"A man's a man, for a' that, and a' that."

In my hand I hold a faded letter bearing date of November 11, 1862, written to the stricken widow only a few weeks after John Davis had been gathered to his fathers, by Gen. J. W. Shaffer, from the Office of the Chief Quartermaster of the Government, New Orleans. In this letter we read:

"I knew your dear husband as but few knew him;

we were on the most intimate terms for several years, and among all my friends there were none for whom I had a higher regard than for him. I loved him for his unfaltering devotion to right and justice and fair dealing; I loved him for his high moral courage, ever ready to espouse the cause of those he conceived to be in the right, however unpopular; I loved him because in all respects he was truly a man, and his death bears witness to his bravery and devotion to his country. You have lost a devoted husband; your children have lost an affectionate and loving father; our country and freedom have lost one who was always ready to defend them, either in legislative halls or on the field of battle; his acquaintances all have lost a dear friend. . . . You are the mother and only guardian of his children; upon you depends their education and raising. You have but to teach them to be as was their father and they will be a comfort to you and an honor to both father and mother."

This leads me to the last count: John Davis, the man, made the colonel glorious because he was deeply enmeshed in the safeties and sanctities of the fireside. He was a home maker and a home lover. There is peculiar fitness in the dedicating this day in the Abraham Lincoln Centre of a Guest Room to the memory of John Davis, for he was "given to hospitality." In the ante-railroad days the old Davis farm was on the main-traveled road between Beloit and Freeport, and without commission, without pay, it became the half-way house. It carried not the sign of an inn, but travelers instinctively and by

force of habit presumed that here was sure shelter and hospitality for man and beast.

He was beloved of his neighbors. As a boy he led the debating club in the school house. As a man he became the leader of the community and when the fatal shot on the Hatchie river laid him low, his biographer says:

"The news of his death filled all hearts with sorrow, draped the whole community in mourning. He was one who was near and dear to the hearts of all our people. The regard felt for him was something more than friendship and esteem; he was loved of the people, by his virtue and able qualities, and loved as a brother by those who knew him well, who knew him as he was. Those who knew him intimately, knew his social and political life, knew him as a public servant and private citizen, will all agree with us when we say that his was a rare character, guided purely by a sense of strictest integrity, actuated by love of humanity, broad and deep. John Davis, whether in public or private life, knew no policy but honesty; basing his opinions on premises that his judgment pronounced to be correct and just, he was firm as a rock in maintaining them."

Clearly, this reader of good books, this man whose lips grew eloquent with words fired by living coals taken from the altars of Shelley and Burns, was a great lover; love was the central motive, the mainspring of his action, the directing spirit of his life. I am told that his favorite poem in his Longfellow volume was "The Golden Mile-Stone," which he loved to recite:

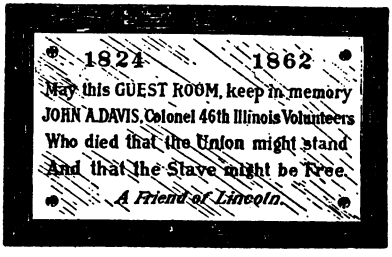
From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone;
Is his central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures;
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!


1824 1862
May this GUEST ROOM, keep in memory
JOHN A DAVIS, Colonel 46th Illinois Volunteers
Who died that the Union might stand
And that the Slave might be Free
A Friend of Lincoln

THIIS TABLET ENGRAVED IN COPPER IS FASTENED INTO THE WALL OF THE GUEST CHAMBER

The Col. Davis Memorial Guest Room at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

By Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Perhaps no single feature of the new Abraham Lincoln Centre building pleased its founder more or accorded more completely with his wishes and ideas than the Colonel John Davis Memorial Guest Room, established in 1907 by the widow of Colonel Davis. Indeed, we have Mr. Jones' own word for this in a letter written two months before the dedication of the rooms, in which he said:

There is no corner of the Lincoln Centre more dear to my heart than this memorial room to an old comrade, nor one that appeals more to the kindlier side of the friends and visitors of the Centre, and no room that is justifying itself more by its timely utility.

When Mrs. Winship first suggested her unique idea to Mr. Jones, his imagination was at once kindled and he delighted in the plan, for he ever preferred living, working memorials to dead shafts of granite or marble, and he felt it to be especially

fitting that within the Abraham Lincoln Centre, itself a living tribute dedicated forever to the promotion of the ideals of the great Emancipator, there should be established another living memorial to one who had followed so bravely and effectively his leadership, and, like Lincoln himself,

> Died that the Union might stand
> And that the slave might be free.

That such a memorial should take the particular form of offering to the traveling prophet, the weary minister, the passing stranger, a refuge from the city's turmoil and of enabling Lincoln Centre at any and all times to aid him in extending that gracious and unhampering hospitality so unforgettable to those who have been privileged to enjoy it, was a special delight to his Celtic heart. Again we find his own statement of his feeling in these lines from his dedicatory address:

John Davis was worthily married. The wife of his youth, with a clearness of vision worthy of her young love, in the fulness of venerable years dedicates to the memory of Colonel John today not a dumb shaft of marble among graves, but a Guest Chamber that will offer rest and renewal to the prophets of progress. Here saints and sages will find shelter and rest, as they go about life's work, as they travel on their earthly pilgrimage.

Mr. Jones followed with keen enjoyment every detail of the furnishing and equipment of the room which the thoughtful care of its donor made complete in every respect from lavatory and bed and dresser to bookshelves and pictures, linen and rugs and hangings—all that contribute to the comfort of the passing guest, and all with a simplicity of style and coloring in harmony with the simple lines of the building itself.

Through the eleven years following the dedication of the Guest Room, Mr. Jones' joy in it never lessened. Many and many a time in writing to distant friends he would remind them of the existence of the room and urge them to avail themselves of its ever open door always awaiting them. To the arriving guest he would explain the purpose and origin of the room and express his pleasure in it.

That the guests have been equally appreciative of the comforts offered them even a cursory glance at the Guest Book makes evident. One finds there many well-known names and brilliant, grateful or witty expressions of enjoyment of the blessings received by Japanese and Hindu, Easterner and Westerner, poet and preacher, country kinsman and city friend. I can not resist the temptation to snatch a few gems from its precious pages for the enrichment of this brief chronicle.

The first to record his name is, fittingly enough,

one of the old guard which led the cause of religious freedom in the Middle West in the days when UNITY was young, Charles W. Wendte, who hopes that "all prosperity and ever enlarging usefulness to the cause of truth and humanity may attend the Abraham Lincoln Centre, of which this prophet's chamber is so attractive a part."

The latest name recorded, though far, let us hope, from being the last, is that of Lutie E. Stearns of Milwaukee who, under date of October, 1918, voices her grief at the "desolation of the Centre without its long-time Host."

Another of the old guard, Rev. Jasper L. Douthit of Shelbyville, Illinois, writes:

As the guest of dear and noble friends I have occupied several pleasant rooms in the six weeks past from Boston to Maine and back again to Michigan, but no room so fragrant with precious memories as the John Davis Guest Chamber.

And still another who bore the burden in the heat of the early days, Rev. William C. Gannett, says:

Such a good time with you all here and so glad I have been taken in as a part of it all with the rest of you.

From the Universe's Hub comes Samuel McChord Crothers and draws from his "Wallet" this tribute:

The two days at Lincoln Centre have been rich in experience to me and I think I have an increased faith in and a better vision of the coming church from what I have seen and heard.

Japan bears witness to its welcome in this word from Naokatsu Kubushiro of Kumamoto:

It is my desire to investigate how and in what effect practical applications of religion to practical lives are going on in America. Also it is my ambition to touch with persons who have real American spirit. Therefore have I come to Chicago on my way to Boston, not to see the tremendous prosperities of the city but to read Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Abraham Lincoln Centre. I have read them and the cream of my reading will be apparent in my future life. My heartfelt thanks, as I should, to ladies and gentlemen in Lincoln Centre.

On another page, "a pilgrim from Hindustan," Jamini Kanta Koar, of the Calcutta Brahmo Somaj, tells with Oriental fervor of what he has found:

I am deeply grateful for all the blessings that have come through my stay in the Lincoln Centre. Here, in the Guest Chamber, have met the warriors of God and the ministers of mankind—Abraham Lincoln, Colonel Davis, and Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

May the power and passion of those mighty spirits

of the West spread far and wide and bind humanity in that spiritual bond which alone can make earth a Heaven and Man a God.

Alice Henry from far-off Australia leaves a message to "All guests who follow after" from the Labor poet, Bernard O'Dowd:

> That each shall reap what all men sow,
> That color, caste's a lie,
> That man is God, however low,
> Is man, however high.

America's dean of living poets, Edwin Markham, inscribes his exquisite lines to "The Gray Norns" and then adds:

And now a brother's thanks to the kindly spirits that have cheered my stay under the friendly roof and all honor and gratitude to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the inspired prophet in this temple of the Lord.

And Wisconsin's beloved story-teller whom Mr. Jones always fondly called his "assistant pastor," Zona Gale, records in 1914 her "love and thanks for another blessing in the house where everybody is saying: 'The world is beginning, I must go and serve the king,'" and again in 1915 she writes:

A guest room does not live to itself at all—but to others. I knew that this Guest Room was a friend.

Edward S. Steiner, en route perhaps "from alien to citizen," pauses to leave tribute in this way:

I know but one real *liberal* liberal and he is the soul of this place. I feel richer with him because of this touch "at the center."

And that Celt of the Celts, Seumas MacManus, "from Donegal," begins with Gaelic phrase and ends:

That mouth is sweet
Which trumpets not the woes that we inherit,
But seals the lips till at Death's welcome feet
The burden's laid, and freed the weary spirit.

From her school at Hillside, Wisconsin, comes one of the host's own pioneer family, Miss Jane Lloyd Jones, to write:

A veritable "prophet's chamber," giving rest to the body, refreshment to the mind and repose to the spirit.

Pausing on a journey from America's great metropolis, John Haynes Holmes quotes aptly the quaint old rhyme:

The blessed Lord is in this place,
I see him in each smiling face,
Each word of truth, each deed of grace.

May here the Lord abide for aye,
A rest by night, a strength by day,
His rod and staff a constant stay.

And Evelyn Walker, as is her happy custom, puts into a phrase all that the Guest Room means to all its many grateful guests:

"And the name of that chamber was Peace."

Perhaps no more fitting thing can be said of the Room than that it has fulfilled and still goes on fulfilling the wish voiced by Jane Addams at the close of her dedicatory reminiscences of the brave defender of freedom in whose name it is established:

If this room which is dedicated to the name of this brave man may suggest to little children, to the growing youth who is ever eager to make the world a theater for heroic deeds, if it may stir in some of the older people who are beginning to doubt that the world is such a place and to consider it only the place for ordinary things; if this room and this name shall accomplish on a larger and more enduring scale that which the simple photographs and memories produced in the minds of a little group of children so long ago, I want to congratulate this building for embodying in itself one more noble memory, for standing out as it does in its public name for men who were great because they were good, and who followed their convictions whither they led them.

CHAPTER VII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE JONESBORO DEBATE

"He held his place. . . .
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise."

IN the Illinois senatorial campaign of 1858, Stephen A. Douglas, leader of the Democratic party, and Abraham Lincoln, still new in politics, but the strongest man in the Republican party, were rival candidates. The issue of the campaign was one in which the entire nation was concerned in that most critical period of our history. Northern Illinois had been settled by people from the East; the southern portion was peopled by southerners of pro-slavery sentiments. On nearing the central part of the State, there was a decided change in the democracy. Springfield was on the line separating these two sections; the Democrats of the North and those of the South were as different as the people of Massachusetts and South Carolina. This was the geography of Illinois politics in the ante-bellum days.

Douglas was desirous of holding intact the entire democracy of the State, which would give him a

majority in the legislature and assure his election to the United States Senate. With his eye on the coming presidential election as well, he was playing for the solid support of the South.

Knowing as he did Douglas' ambition for the presidency, Lincoln suggested to Lovejoy, Trumbull and others of his friends, that in the debates to which he had challenged Douglas, he would propound to him certain questions that should bring his opponent out squarely for or against the issue, and cause him thus to define his position on the slavery question. His friends, predicting a break in the northern and southern democracy which would let Lincoln in, were opposed to this course, feeling that Douglas with his sophistry would make reply in a way that would satisfy both North and South, and thus unite the democratic vote for himself. The questions are a matter of history. So shrewdly put and so penetrative of the point at issue were they, that Douglas with all his sophistry was put to the test. He replied as Lincoln had expected, and succeeded in rallying to his support the democracy of the North. His doctrine of "popular sovereignty," however, had encouraged a sentiment of disfavor against him. Up to this time he had felt that he held the South, but his answers were so wavering and unconvincing as to awake suspicion among some of his staunchest southern adherents.

Lincoln further desired to meet Douglas in the South, and Douglas, increasingly sceptical of the southern vote was particularly hopeful of placing his opponent at a disadvantage in that portion of the State.

Jonesboro, in the southern stronghold of Douglas, had been at one time the metropolis of southern Illinois. The building of the Illinois Central Railroad, however, had left it to one side of the main travelled way, one and a half miles from the station at Anna, and its decline had been rapid. This place was chosen, on the suggestion of Lincoln himself, for the scene of the debate.

At the largest hotel in the town both Lincoln and Douglas were staying on the day of the debate. A wide hall ran along one side of the inn, and off this two large public rooms opened, one immediately back of the other. In one of these a reception was being held for Douglas, a dais having been put in place to accommodate the senatorial candidate. Into this room the people surged,—hundreds filed past the platform to do him honor, bowing, shaking hands, flattering him, pledging loyalty and votes, and receiving in return from the stalky little man bland smiles and persiflage.

At this time I was very much of a partisan. My opinion of Douglas was that he was an unscrupulous demagogue and office seeker, and the epitome

of his demagoguery, at that moment staged before my eyes, brought a feeling of dislike and revulsion. I quickly slipped past this room into the one beyond. On the threshold I stopped, instantly conscious that the room was occupied. At that moment I beheld the towering presence of Lincoln, a lone figure standing beside the window. I went up to speak to him, and as we gazed out upon the people coming in to the debate, a mule team drove up, carrying a group of Douglas adherents with a campaign banner mounted upside down on its standard. I said, "Do you see that? Here where Douglas holds sway is ignorance; up north where you are the champion we would find no such display of ignorance, we would see intelligence." His only answer was a mild chuckle. That was my introduction to Abraham Lincoln, at Jonesboro.

We commenced a conversation, but were immediately interrupted by the entrance of a Mr. Anderson, a southern Illinois legislator, whom I knew at Springfield. He said to me, "I've been looking everywhere for you; I want you to come and meet my friend Douglas." I replied that I thought he already knew my opinion of Douglas; that if the free States would make Douglas president, he would be for the abolition of slavery, and likewise, if the slave States would accomplish the same result, he would be for slavery; that entertaining such convic-

tions of the man, naturally I did not care to meet him. I asked that he kindly excuse me. He left me, and turning about I found that Lincoln had been enjoying the situation immensely.

The debate was soon on. Douglas was given the first half hour; Lincoln the hour, and Douglas, the closing half hour. As Douglas sat down after the first lap of the debate, Lincoln arose slowly, as was his custom. Very deliberately he drew from his pocket a Democratic newspaper, unfolded it, and commenced to read. The article was to the effect that when Douglas had suggested to him that they have this debate at Jonesboro, it had frightened Lincoln so that he had fallen ill and gone to bed. They supposed that Lincoln's political doctors, Trumbull and others, would have him nursed up so that he would be able to meet Douglas in the debate, but that when he (Douglas) was through with him, his knees would be so weak that he would not be able to get off the platform.

At this point Lincoln turned round to Douglas, who was sitting immediately behind him. For just a moment he fixed his eye upon him, and then turning to the audience, he said: "I don't know what to think of this man Douglas. I don't want to say that he would deliberately tell an untruth. It's just as though he took hold of me, giant-like, and *forced* me down among these people, when he very well

knows that it was *my* suggestion that we come down here to hold this debate. He trots *me* down into Egypt! Why, *I'm* not afraid of this people. I *know* this people; they're my neighbors and friends. I was born right over here, while Stephen A. comes from away up in the Green Mountains of the North, and did not know and does not know what this people may and may not be induced to do. But when Douglas gets through with me and I'm not able to get off this platform, I want my friends to let me stay here until I rot."

There was a visible warming of the audience toward Lincoln when he put forward the claim of neighbor and friend and understanding, and there was wild applause at his closing preliminary remarks. The history of the debate I need not repeat; it was a continuation of the theme of the Freeport encounter. Though successful in the senatorial campaign, when later the northern faction of his party nominated Douglas for the presidency, if the North and South had stood together as a unit, nothing could have defeated him. But the South said, "We can't trust this man Douglas," and nominated Breckenridge. The result was the defeat of Douglas, and the election of Abraham Lincoln as a candidate of the Republican party.

There was but one public conveyance in Jones-

boro, and this had been taken over in advance by the friends of Douglas. In it he was taken about the streets, accompanied by the town band and hundreds of his followers, and later to the station at Anna.

Lincoln and two or three of his Springfield friends, together with the editor of the Springfield *Journal*, my husband and myself, walked the mile and a half to the station. It was a most enjoyable walk, and anything but a gloomy group who took that tramp together. The chief subject of banter was Lincoln's excellent condition after the debate, in the face of the tragic prophecy of Douglas.

The following winter I spent in Springfield. As I was descending a stairway in the State House one day, I saw Lincoln coming up. I had not thought to speak to him, feeling certain that it would be necessary for me to introduce myself, being but one of thousands whom he had met within the past months. As he came opposite me, however, he stopped, held out his hand, and with that indefinable twinkle of the eye, said, "I believe the last time we met we took the walk together at Jonesboro."

Frequently after that I met him at the Governor's receptions, which were held every two weeks throughout the legislative sessions. He sometimes sought me from the crowd, and at once would begin

some sort of badinage to draw me out on politics. He seemed to derive considerable amusement from our conversations. I recall the sense of discomfort that was mine at times, during my attempts to promenade with him on those occasions,—I, a little more than five feet tall, and he, in stature quite a giant. The sense of discomfort, however, is almost forgotten in the memory of his witty thrusts at the situation.

I met and came to have a passing acquaintance with Mary Todd Lincoln, his wife, and at one time was entertained in their home. On that occasion she drew me away from the other company for a moment, into another room where we sat on the sofa, to tell me that Mr. Lincoln had spoken to her of my enthusiasm over the political situation. She related to me also her disappointment over his defeat for the Senate. She was very gracious to me always.

Lincoln's defeat in the senatorial campaign was of course frequently the subject of conversation in our circle, but as often as it was mentioned, I steadfastly retorted, "Well, never mind; we will have him for our next president." I never knew quite why I said this; nevertheless, it has always brought me a certain gratification.

Of the seven Lincoln-Douglas debates, I was fortunate enough to have heard five. With my hus-

band, a member of the State legislature at the time, I attended the meetings at Freeport, Jonesboro, Charleston, Quincy, and Alton. The debate at Freeport, which contributed directly to the election of Lincoln to the presidency, and the encounter at Jonesboro, where he was completely ostracized, represent the two extremes. The recollection of the scene at Jonesboro, however, more than any other, has remained with me through all the intervening years of my life. It has seemed to me that the contrast between the two men and their respective political associations stood out in greater relief there than in any other single instance. Whenever the consciousness of the presence of Lincoln is brought back to me, either in moments of abstraction or on festal days commemorating his great character, always I see again, as on that day, that lonely silhouette against the window. While Douglas, long the popular idol of the southern constituency, received, on the one hand, the hundreds who thronged to do him homage, in the adjoining room stood the lone figure of his opponent,—Abraham Lincoln. He was not seeking office; he was not seeking popularity, but, unwavering, erect in his manhood, he was true to his ideals, and the forces of the universe were on his side. He was not alone. And the history of the past half century has reversed the positions of the two men as I saw them on that day.

Douglas, then prosperous, riding the crest of the wave of popularity, purchasing a following by the sacrifice of principle; Lincoln, neglected, apparently alone and without following, but calmly and tenaciously holding to his ideal, regardless of the consideration of the mob,—the one going down in the maelstrom of confusion of his own making; the other lifted ultimately to the serene height of the prophet and leader of a people. In the midst of social tumult and confusion, as often as I have seen these two rôles taken by one and another, I have said, "This is what the present says, but wait, my friend, until history tells the tale." But for the experiences of that day, I could not have kept up the courage that I have had, and have today, in the conviction that the eternal right will prevail. Because it is right it is eternal.

None are blinder than those who live in the white light of history, before it is caught and dissected on the spectroscope of the future historian.

CHAPTER VIII

TEMPERANCE AND REFORM WORK

THE wave of temperance agitation and reform which had its beginning in Ohio during the year of the Woman's Temperance Crusade, and swept this country under the leadership of Frances E. Willard, saw its rise and swift growth to its zenith during my years at Racine. The movement went over the country like wildfire. Delicate, motherly, home-making women went into the city streets and into the saloons, and with all the force and earnestness of prayer pleaded the cause of temperance.

When it came to Racine, we had our meeting there for the organization of forces to combat the saloon. The plan was to send certain groups of women into the different districts, and to conduct through them in every saloon of the city an organized campaign of prayer. I could not sanction this method; it was not my way of campaigning for the cause. As it came my turn for service, though timid and reluctant about speaking before an audience, I explained to that group of women that this phase of the movement did not touch me; that I could not go into

the saloon to pray, and stated to them my reasons.

In previous philanthropic work, I had had occasion to visit the jails; and the wreckage of young manhood, the results of intemperance, which I had encountered on those visits, had brought to me first-hand the conviction that preventive measures only could save the boys of our city from the evils of intemperance. One instance I related to them, of a young man whose story I had had from his own lips. From a good family in a farming community he had come to the city to learn a trade. His wages were small; his boarding house was a place to eat and sleep, but when the long winter evenings came, in the whole city of Racine the only place open to him, where he could find light and heat and companionship, was the saloon. He drifted into one of these places and formed the habit of spending his evenings there. Feeling that he must make some return to the saloon keeper for the privilege of shelter which he found under his roof, he drifted into the habit of taking a glass of beer. This grew upon him until, leaving the saloon not quite himself one night, he took an overcoat which happened to be good, and left his own, which was a worn one. He was arrested for petty larceny, and cast into jail for thirty days, thus bringing disgrace to his good family, and causing his own death a short time afterward.

This and other experiences had come to me before the W. C. T. U. reached Racine, and I had commenced to look at the matter in a different light. It appeared to me that our appeal must be made to the voters of Racine, who said to the saloon keeper, "You pay into our treasury so much money and we will give you the legal and also the moral right to do this thing." Conducting a business thus licensed and legalized by the voters of Racine, the saloon keeper was complying with the law, and so long as he complied with the law, we had no right to interfere. Our work lay in the education of a citizenship that should protect the young men; in finding a substitute for the saloon,—a friendly door to attract the boys away from the open door of the saloon. This seemed by far the saner method of combating the evil influence of the liquor traffic.

The history of the W. C. T. U. records the fact that the crusading days were of short duration. After the close of our first meeting in Racine, nothing more was heard of the committees assigned to visit the saloons. But rather a beginning was made toward the working out of some preventive measure—the inception of the idea which later materialized in the establishment of the Reading and Coffee Rooms.

The first step in this undertaking was to find the means with which to pay for the rental of a suitable

building. Mrs. McMynn, the wife of a prominent educator in the city, with the assistance of Mrs. Wells, went out among their friends, among the wealthy people of Racine, and raised within a short time, six hundred dollars. This amount was sufficient to launch the venture, independent of the Union, and to insure its existence for at least one year. With the funds thus procured a location on Main Street, close to the saloon district, was secured; certain necessary repairs were made; it was furnished with light and heat, and the Reading and Coffee Rooms were opened on May 6, 1875, consisting of a large front reading room, supplied with papers and magazines, a dining-room back of this, and rooms for the use of the matron.

"Mother Wells," as she was called, a lady with no home ties, but with a missionary spirit and a great mother-heart, volunteered to act as matron. To quote Mrs. McMynn, "She made the Reading and Coffee Rooms an asylum for the weak, a place of safety for the tempted, believing in the power of kindness rather than the authority of law to reform the inebriate." Mrs. Wells was provided with a girl helper. Coffee was served to the young men at the same price they had formerly paid for a glass of beer. They could also get rolls and other light refreshments. It was a place with a home influence, and so well patronized by citizens and even

traveling men as well, that later it was found practicable to serve regular meals, and more help was secured. The room paid expenses from the first.

The Reading and Coffee Rooms, established in the early spring, became increasingly popular as the months went by. In the fall, when the evenings grew longer, boys twelve and fifteen years old—sons of foreigners, doing some little rough work in the factories during the daytime and frequenting the streets at night—would crowd in in cold weather, disturbing the young men who desired the quiet of the room. In the interests of these younger boys I went before the W. C. T. U., and later when a young boys' reading room was established, I undertook its management. As to its inception and achievement, I quote from Mrs. A. R. Hinckly's chapter on the Boys' Reading Room, in the history of the Racine W. C. T. U.:

My memory cannot, in a long and continuous experience among Christian Workers, fix upon a more devoted body of rare cultured Christian women than the W. C. T. U. of Racine, as I came to know them from a seven years' experience of being and doing in their midst. . . . I shall speak of the work in general and especially of the BOYS' READING ROOM. In dealing with the matter of the first established Boys' Reading Room, I approach the subject timidly. He who overlooks a battle sees the wonderful evolutions, and the remarkable skill with

which the forces are managed, but it is the officer at the head of his column who can best tell of individual heroism that won the cause. The Reading and Coffee Room opened in May, 1875, with its neat and attractive appearance, its welcoming light and cheer, its excellent books and periodicals, and above all the ever beneficial presence of the noble women who had it in charge, was a favorite and delightful evening resort for a class of young men employed in the city, many of them strangers and far from their own homes, and notedly the better class of commercial travellers always spent their evenings or their waiting time at the Room. It was quite as attractive to a younger class of boys; it was overcrowded. What was to be done? The boys must not be turned out. Numerous saloon doors, those gates of hell, were open everywhere, and thoughtless and unwise parents permitted their boys to spend their evenings on the streets, and from their ranks was constantly being recruited the army of degradation. "What shall we do with the boys?" said dear Mother Wells,—and those of us who knew her can see the bearing of the sweet, kindly face, surmounted by its silver hair, that crown of glory. "What shall we do with the boys?" repeated her coadjutor, Mrs. Winship, in her energetic way. "There is only one thing to do; we must have a room for the boys." And with her the conception brain-born had its execution hand-wrought. The energy that resolved, performed. She immediately made inquiry. She could have the lower floor of the Odd Fellows' Hall on Wisconsin Street, between Fifth and Sixth Streets, free of rent for a term, upon the condition that

the W. C. T. U. make necessary repairs. Your much revered former citizen, Mr. S. B. Peck, who was a lumber merchant, donated lumber for the ceiling. It was Mrs. Winship's intention to put the hall in neat condition, but Mrs. Wells appeared with a check for twenty-five dollars, the gift of Mrs. Porter, whose husband was the rector of the Episcopal church.

This was followed at once by another voluntary gift of fifteen dollars from Mrs. J. I. Case, these ladies being greatly pleased, as were all good people, with the idea of keeping the boys from the streets, where they were nightly being educated to fill the ranks of the degraded and the criminal. The law firm of Fish & Lee contributed matting for the floor. Gifts from others and the wise management of the ladies made a very pleasant and attractive room, and the opening evening showed that it was appreciated and that there would be plenty of patrons, for on that evening one hundred and twenty-five boys came to that room. The most of these were street boys, uncultured, rough and noisy. Mrs. Winship would consent to have but few rules, and when a boy was not tractable he was suspended for a time. This was sufficient punishment, for the boys enjoyed and loved the Room; indeed, they were proud of their membership there, and with very gentlemanly and evident pleasure recognized the ladies of the W. C. T. U. upon the streets.

The first exercise of the evening was the singing of temperance and other songs . . . then followed reading, or a story by some one who had come in to assist; then three-quarters of an hour of games.

The game of logomachy was new and especially beneficial, for in an evening's visit to the Room I found boys of fifteen and sixteen who could not spell words of three letters. They learned how to use a dictionary, they learned to spell, to read, and thus many a boy secured something of an education that he would else have gone through life without.

One of the roughest boys of the town, a saloon keeper's boy, became well mannered and thoughtful. He and his brother begged their father to change his business, promising to work to help support the family. He did so and thus the whole direction of the family life was changed.

But it would take pages to tell of all the personal benefits which were bestowed. God alone has the record of the results of the six years of continuous faithful effort of these devoted women. Six years and Mrs. Winship went out of the city to a new home; the hall was wanted for other purposes; a vacant room in the apartments then occupied by the Y. M. C. A. was rented, but for want of a special leader the work was abandoned.

In the beginning it had been the plan to have a different person in charge of the room each night in the week. Before long, however, it was found that this would not do; the boys must look to one person as a leader. In my anxiety to have them at all times well behaved, I went every evening myself. I soon found that they respected my authority, and that I could get along to better advantage alone. So it came about that from October until

May, throughout six years, I gave over my evenings to the boys of Racine.

I called upon my friends to send to the room their copies of *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Weekly*, and other pictorial papers. The boys would come in, hang up their hats, take their seats, and look at pictures. They knew little about reading; they didn't care about it, but as time went on they would listen while I read aloud a good, wholesome boys' story. We often talked over the moral of the story; we could not preach to these boys, many of them from the families of saloon keepers, on the subject of temperance, but through singing and reading we could bring before their minds a higher ideal of living. In the beginning it was only an Indian or bear story, or something wildly exciting, that would hold their attention at all, though later they became interested in following a book, read in serial form. I read to them "Tom Sawyer," and they came night after night until we had followed that interesting boy career from cover to cover. Cards were not introduced, as they were too suggestive, but we had dominoes and checkers—my husband made checker boards by the dozen—and other games which the boys liked.

There was but one rule, against the use of slang and profane language. I said to them frankly: "Now boys, I will leave my home and come here to

make a pleasant room for you: that is *my* part. All I expect of you is that you shall be gentlemen. A gentleman does not use slang or profane language. That is all I ask of you: that is *your* part."

Oftentimes I was troubled by the boy who came into the room bent on making a disturbance, as in the instance of a stranger boy—a ventriloquist—who attempted one evening to confuse me. I could not foresee these things; I could but let the circumstance of the moment help me to determine what could best be done to meet an emergency. There were, of course, many times of discouragement.

On Wednesday nights, when the Odd Fellows met in their hall upstairs, and we could not have the use of our rooms on the first floor, as the noise and confusion disturbed their meeting, the boys were as a consequence turned back into the street. There was no other place for them to go. As I walked home one evening, very much troubled over this and other problems, I resolved uopn the idea of inviting them, on the following Wednesday evening, to my home. They looked askance and questioned among themselves the sincerity of my first invitation. "Does she mean it? Well, she said we were to come," I overheard them say one to another. Wednesday night came, however, and with it came the boys—with their hair combed down and with clean collars on, they tumbled into my rooms. We had some

music and refreshments and a good time generally, and never after that did I have any trouble. On the next Wednesday evening I invited another group, and so on, until all the different grades of boys, from the oldest to the youngest, had been entertained in my home. This seemed to seal their loyalty. They were evenings that brought me closer to them, and won to me the confidence of every boy who frequented the Reading Room.

As nearly as possible, an atmosphere of kindly fellowship, free from patronage, was created, in which the boy was left free to find himself. Although the room was later abandoned, the seed had been sown. On visits to Racine in later years I have seen time and again the results of my six years of effort. Entering a store one day, I was waited on by a clerk who proved to be one of the Reading Room boys, the son of a former saloon keeper. His employer later spoke very highly to me of his work, saying that he was the most dependable clerk he had ever had. The boy ventriloquist in later years became an evangelist. One particularly intractable boy, Charlie ——, who never came into the room without a wad of tobacco in his mouth, had prompted my husband to make the comment, "He looks more like an ape than a man or a boy; what do you ever expect to do with him?" Several years later, while walking down a street in Racine, I met a gentleman

who bowed very courteously. My husband asked his name. "Why, that is your ape, Charlie ——," I replied. On another occasion a clean, alert young business man came into my husband's place of business, asking him to tell me that he had never taken a drop of liquor since he had given me a promise that he would not touch it. And so, little by little we had won them and held them, until they themselves had come to see the wisdom in a better life.

There were many phases of the temperance work in which I had a part. A lengthy campaign was conducted by the W. C. T. U. against the opening of saloons on Sunday. We interviewed the council of Racine, asking that steps be taken toward a regulation of the saloon business, and finally secured the passage of the Sunday closing ordinance. It was of little force and effect, however, as the law was administered in that day. An instance of that is shown by one of my own experiences.

My husband came in one Sunday afternoon, saying that a certain man whom I knew—one of his own employes—had been carried to his boarding house in a state of intoxication. I asked Mr. Winship to take me to the man, and he did. I then learned from the man himself who had sold him the liquor, which I reported to the Union and went before the prosecuting attorney to file a complaint. We were informed that a complaint could not be

made by an organization, but must be done by an individual. I then went to a prominent temperance man, a manufacturer, but, not wishing to provoke the enmity of the saloon keepers, he declined. The matter was next laid before a Universalist clergyman, who also refused. Finding that I could make the complaint in my own name, I did so, though many had advised against this, inasmuch as it would subject me to much harsh criticism from the anti-temperance forces. In this, however, I was not deterred. When an officer came to my door with a summons to appear at the trial, I gave assurance that I would be there on the appointed day.

At the trial, though the saloon keeper admitted under oath that his saloon had been open every Sunday with the exception of one when he was in Kenosha, we lost the case on a technicality, though in all right and justice it was clearly ours.

My husband had an old German friend, who had received a distorted account of the saloon keeper's arrest, and, believing that it was my husband who had brought the action, he said one day shortly after the trial to Mr. Winship, "I so sorry you done that. So many say they buy their goods now in Delavan, and no more from you." When my husband explained that it was not he, but his wife who had made the complaint, the old man exclaimed, "Your

voman! Your voman! Why you not hold her, hold her mit a string!"

We constantly came face to face with problems such as this trial brought out, revealing to us woman's need of the ballot. The saloon forces were a power at the polls, and we had no weapon that was an even match for the ballot. So through this and like experiences even the conservatives among leaders in the temperance work were brought to espouse the cause of Woman Suffrage.

From the beginning I was an advocate of Woman Suffrage, from the days when it yet bore the title of Woman's Rights. In that time the general conviction was that it was unladylike to follow this unpopular cause. She was considered "strong-minded," was robbed of all her womanly charm, and became a very Amazonian creature who adhered to the principles of individual liberty. In 1858 I had gone the distance from Davistown to Freeport, through Illinois mud, to meet and receive the inspiration of the message of Lucy Stone, later Lucy Stone Blackwell, who was at that time lecturing and organizing bands of women to promote the cause.

It was in an early day, during the period of the war, when I first met Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. I afterwards met her in Racine. She was a pronounced suffragist.

Susan B. Anthony, whose name more than any other has stood out down to the present day in the cause of Suffrage, was an intimate friend of mine. I recall one time when she came to my home on Friday night and stayed until Monday, lecturing on Friday and Saturday evenings. She wished to visit a friend of her mother, who was living in the country several miles out from Freeport. I took the horse and buggy—it was in April and the roads were very muddy—and we drove out, stayed for dinner, and came back in time for her lecture at the Methodist church on Sunday evening.

An amusing incident occurred during that visit. My daughter, Elizabeth, was very fond of cats, and thinking to amuse Susan who sat at the desk writing, she came to her with an exhibition of four or five kittens in her apron. Each was named and had a ribbon about its neck,—but Susan abhorred cats. "Oh, take them away; take them away," she said. My daughter could never forgive her for that.

During the '70's I met and heard most of the prominent lecturers of the day, many of whom we entertained in our home. Theodore Tilton; Phœbe Couzins, in a lecture on suffrage and the woman question; C. B. D. Mills, on the order of Alcott, gave a course of parlor lectures in Racine. Here also in the early '80's I entertained Robert Ingersoll in my home. He came in the afternoon, stayed to tea,

and spent the evening. I invited Olympia Brown to take tea with him. He knew she was a suffragist, and, enjoying the sport of provoking an argument, took the opposite side. He took the case of St. Paul, presenting him to her as an anti-suffragist, but Olympia Brown was too much for him; she met his every argument, and quickly made St. Paul over into a suffragist. Finding that she was opposed to the use of tobacco, he drifted into that subject, bringing out the instance of the working man, returning to his home tired at night, who after supper would take his pipe and go out and sit on the fence. The smoke of the pipe would rise and rise, and fall upon him as a benediction. It was a beautiful story of the working man that he presented to her that evening, but Olympia Brown never could be reconciled to his argument.

On a visit to Chicago, I met the author of the Battle Hymn of the Republic—Julia Ward Howe.

I also knew Anna Dickinson, at that time the most noted woman in America. She was employed by the Republican party, when that party represented reform, liberty, freedom for slaves, and by her eloquence she inspired the people and carried that party to victory. In her speeches she drew from the incidents of the Civil War, which were then fresh in everybody's mind, telling illustrations, awakening in them an interest in her great theme, the freedom

of the slave. She was the first public speaker among women to gain public recognition. Originally a Quaker she, as many others had done, on discarding the Quaker garb, adopted a most tasteful and costly style of dress. She often spoke in Boston in the largest hall which the city then afforded. And as she stood before her audience, her face illumined by enthusiasm of her subject, her voice clear and strong, her eloquence most magnificent, her appearance was grand.

It is no wonder that people were aroused. Her eloquence has never been matched by that of any other woman speaker and her name was heard far and near. It is a sad comment upon the changes of time that at the present moment among a large circle of acquaintances I can find scarcely one who remembers Anna Dickinson. So short lived is fame. I met her personally when she came to Freeport to lecture. She was entertained at the house of Gen. Shaffer, the most intimate friend of my husband. I was invited to take tea with her and was pleased to find her a most interesting talker. Among many experiences which she related was one which illustrates the tendency of nearly all to judge people at first sight, especially when influenced by prejudices previously formed.

Miss Dickinson was on one of her lecture tours going from Baltimore, where she had spoken the pre-

vious night, to New York, where she had an appointment for the next evening. When she took the train at Baltimore she found it well filled, only one seat remaining vacant. She took this seat, although the other occupant looked far from satisfied at his unexpected companion. She, however, took occasion to speak with him in a friendly way and when, after some conversation, he discovered that her parents came from Virginia and that she belonged to the F.F.V.'s, it followed, of course, that although a Southerner, he could not fail to feel a respect for her.

In due time, as usual, the paper boy came round. He had but one paper remaining in his package and she purchased that. After reading it she passed it over to him. He had scarcely glanced at the paper when the notice of her previous lecture with attractive headlines caught his eye. He held the paper up to her and pointing to the notice, said, "Did you see that? I think she is the very devil. Don't you?" Anna had met opposition in varied forms but had never been called the devil before. However, she took it in good part, saying, "I have never heard Miss Dickinson lecture, but as she is to lecture in New York and you are going there, I should be much obliged to you if you would attend and afterwards tell me what you think of her. Perhaps you had better take a seat near the front in order

to get all the points and give them to me." He promised to do this and when the evening came and Anna took her place on the platform, she saw her companion of the previous day come in and take a front seat. He looked and looked, scarcely daring to trust his spectacles or eyes either. She said she felt inspired as she looked at him and saw the attention he was giving. She seemed to be speaking directly at him and when the lecture was over he sprang upon the platform, grasped her by the hand, and said, "The Anna Dickinson that was is a myth."

By contrast to the above and not far from the same time I was destined after meeting the most lauded woman to meet perhaps the most severely criticised and despised woman in America, Miss Tennessee Claflin. She came to Freeport a spiritualist medium, stopping at the most popular hotel. I had never met a medium and naturally had some curiosity to make her acquaintance, especially as I always made it a point to seek out and acquaint myself with every new line of thought. I called upon her and found her a most amiable and pleasing young woman. Afterward in Racine, I heard her more noted sister, Mrs. Woodhull, and I bore not a little odium and severe criticism among my acquaintances by going to hear this woman who was claimed to be the advocate of free love. It is remarkable that

while Woodhull and Claflin, in this country were denounced, imprisoned, persecuted in every way, that afterward, when they went to England, and married titled and wealthy gentlemen, we hear nothing but words of approval. And when Lady Cook comes over to this country she is met by prominent women with recognition of her merits.

It was a strange career which Woodhull and Claflin had and there must have been something unusual in their ability. Their life and experiences would make a very interesting subject for study for the psychologist.

It is a singular illustration of the inconstancy of public opinion that Anna Dickinson today is forgotten but Tennessee Claflin, as Lady Cook, is respected and admired.

This was in the later '70's. In more recent years, I made the acquaintance of the Reverend Anna Howard Shaw.

Frances E. Willard—that long time leader of the temperance forces, I knew from an early day. Her home was in Evanston, where previous to her years of service in the W. C. T. U. she had been dean of the Woman's College of Northwestern University.

So from the earliest epoch of those pioneer days, I have lived to see the dawning of the era of national prohibition. Alike, in the cause of suffrage,

my years have spanned the movement from its very inception, and I can look forward now to the time, not far distant, when the right of the woman to a voice in her own government will find universal recognition.

CHAPTER IX

UNIVERSITY EXPERIENCES

DURING the summer of 1910, while visting my friend, Mrs. Martha Wentworth Hopper, in Columbus, Ohio, I went with her to the state university one day to hear Dr. L. D. Harvey, a classmate of hers at Milton College, whom I also had known in Wisconsin, who was giving a course of lectures in the university summer school. At the close of the lecture, while my friend was in conversation with Dr. Harvey, I was introduced to Professor Thomas Scott Lowden, of the university faculty. In the course of our talk, I learned that he was in the Department of Psychology. Having read a great deal and always been interested in the study of psychology, I expressed to him a curiosity as to how the subject would be handled in a classroom. Immediately he extended to me an invitation to attend his class on the following day. This I did, and became at once so interested in the work of that classroom that I was seized with a desire to follow the course throughout the summer session. Professor Lowden encouraged me in this, and I selected as

well a course in sociology, and one in Shakespeare, under Dr. Denny, who was dean of the University and a professor in literature. So it was that at the age of seventy-nine, an entirely new world was opened to me.

At the close of the summer school, I found that I had become attached to the University campus; I began to wonder whether it would be possible for me to enter in the regular fall term. On the opening day of the school year, knowing that I was without credentials that would admit me, I went hesitatingly to the dean, whom I found busy with a class. He paused long enough to assure me, in answer to my query, that it would be possible for me to enter, and arranged to accompany me at the close of the class period to the office of the registrar. I have ever felt grateful to Professor Lowden and Dr. Denny for their kind assistance at that time in opening the way for me into the experiences of the last ten years.

There was great amusement in the office of the registrar when, in answer to the first question on my entrance slip, "From what school or college have you graduated, and when?" I replied, "From a log schoolhouse in Stephenson County, northern Illinois, in 1847."

The fact that I, at my age, should become interested in a university career, seemed to call forth

comment from many sources. I had only just returned to the home of my friend and was relating to her what I had done, when she was interrupted by a telephone call from the society editor on one of the local papers, inquiring about the woman of eighty years who had visited her during the summer and attended the university classes. My friend sent back this answer: "Why, she has just come in, saying that she has registered for regular work, and is going on and on until she is ninety."

Mr. Galbraith, of the Columbus *Dispatch*, visited me at once, with questions regarding my views of life, my work, and the motives that had impelled me to take up conventional study. And when, through the *Associated Press*, he sent out into every hamlet of this country and even by cablegram to foreign shores, the word that a woman seventy-nine years of age had enrolled as a student in Ohio State University, the postman brought to my door a veritable flood of letters from all parts of the world, —letters of inquiry and congratulation. From a professor and his wife in the University of Halle; from another man in Germany, asking me to direct him to the fountain of youth; from a woman in southern Russia, with a similar request.

Juan Bundrez, ninety years of age, a native Spaniard, wrote to me from the Philippines. When our own people had gone into the Islands to teach, he

had commenced the study of the English language, finished a high school course, and later became an expert in the use of a typewriter. His letter to me was typewritten. He said in part:

I was reading some States' newspapers just received and noticed an article about your beginning your college life at seventy-eight, and that you would within two years more complete your course at the University of Wisconsin. Having just passed through a similar experience, I can appreciate the keen joy which you are finding in school life and mental improvement at an age when convention would make people of our age "back numbers." . . . And I greatly rejoiced to read this article about you and to note the youth and the optimistic flow of good humor and common sense expressed in your philosophy. . . . Your idea of "old people" attending school after passing from the active duties of life is in my opinion a key to an undreamed of "heaven on earth" to future generations, and an idea worth promoting. . . .

Percy Proctor, a theosophist and editor of an Australian paper, expressed his opinion that I must be a theosophist, undertaking as I had to glean in new fields so late in this life. I replied to him, "Yes, I think that is so, for when I come back in the next reincarnation, I don't propose to be in the A-B-C class." This pleased him, and he wrote again after that, later sending me a copy of his paper con-

taining my letter. Though I am in no way associated with his belief, I have come to understand, as the result of my own investigation, much of theosophy. Though another's belief may be different from mine, I have at all times endeavored to cast prejudice aside, to be open-minded, to understand and to be hospitable toward his point of view. That has been my attitude toward all forms of belief, for whatever interests humankind has ever interested me.

For four regular semesters and two summer sessions I attended the University of Ohio at Columbus. Here I met and came to know very well Pramatha Nath Dey, a Hindoo, from whose visits I learned much of his own country. He brought to me magazines, edited in Calcutta, containing accounts of various lines of social reform work undertaken there. He was a man of distinctly literary tastes, pursuing the study of languages and literature. These few lines from his own pen, show him to be a man of ideals even like our own:

> Live long the blessed trinity—
> Peace, Freedom, Fraternity;
> One simple golden plan
> Oft dreamt by sons of man.
> Its splendid message should resound
> Through sea and land in notes profound.

In this connection, I read a great deal along the lines of Buddhist psychology, which I found to be

inspirational and uplifting. A bit of this Eastern philosophy is found in the following lines:

Naught follows him who leaves this life;
For all things must be left behind:
. . . . . .
But every deed a man performs,
With body, or with voice, or mind,
'Tis this that he can call his own,
This will he never leave behind.

Deeds, like a shadow, ne'er depart:
Bad deeds can never be concealed;
Good deeds cannot be lost and will
In all their glory be revealed.
Let all, then, noble deeds perform,
As seeds sown in life's fertile field;
For merit gained this life within,
Rich blessings in the next will yield.

One of my most interesting experiences while in Columbus came to me one day when a friend remarked, "Do you know that in the class in history they are studying from text books those debates of Lincoln and Douglas?" "Why no," I replied, "can they be published?" For it had seemed but a short time before that I had listened to them myself. I visited the class for a confirmation of the statement. The debate at Quincy was being discussed. There was a strange look of surprise on the faces of those students when, at the close of the class, the profes-

sor told them that I had heard myself five of the debates they were then reading from texts. Upon his urgent request, though very reluctantly, as I dislike very much to speak before a body of people, I related to them something of the Freeport debate. I afterwards remarked to the professor that since I was giving this from memory and had never read a written account of the same, my views might not agree with those of the historian. But he said, "You are right. Everything you have told the class is just as it is recorded in our history of the time." I went out of the room in a daze; in my life it seemed that time must have been obliterated. So vivid were all those impressions to me that I could scarcely realize that a half century had slipped by.

Very dear are the recollections of my days at Ohio State University, and my acquaintance with the several instructors who extended to me a new interest in life,—Dr. Davies in Philosophy; Dr. Graves in Education; Professors Haggerty and McKenzie in Sociology, Hayes and Major in Psychology. Drs. Lowden and Denny I have already mentioned. It was an atmosphere of friendly association which I shall never forget.

While I was in attendance at Columbus, my son gave up the practice of his profession in Racine, and became a member of the faculty at the University of Wisconsin. I then left Columbus and went to

Madison. Professor Graves, in Columbus, had written for me a letter of introduction to Professor Sharp. I enrolled in his class in Moral Philosophy, and he became my adviser in the selection of courses.

During the school years of 1912-13 and 1913-14 I was a student at the University of Wisconsin. My work included courses in Philosophy under Professor Sharp; Education under Professor O'Shea; Chemistry under Professor Kahlenburg, and Physics under Professor Snow, the latter subject explaining many of the mysteries of my experiments along psychical lines. I also took work under Professor Ross in Sociology, Professor Jastrow in Psychology, Professor Lathrop in Literature, and Professor Otto in his interesting course, Man and Nature. One of my summer vacations was spent in visiting other universities and schools of learning. I returned to Columbus and renewed many pleasant acquaintances; a visit with relatives in Oberlin, Ohio, gave me an opportunity to attend several classes at the college there. Having been urged by a former classmate at Columbus, then a librarian in the University of Michigan, to visit her at Ann Arbor, I spent three weeks in that beautiful college town. Dr. Graves, a Columbus professor, then one of the summer faculty at Chicago University, extended to me a kind invitation to visit that institution while he

was there, which I did, on the return trip to my home in Racine.

In the fall of 1914 I re-entered the University of Wisconsin, but as the cold weather came on, I was greatly troubled with a severe attack of neuritis, necessitating a discontinuance of my studies. From Olympia Brown, in Baltimore, came letters saying that the spring would be early and warm in the East, and I must visit her there. In January or February, therefore, though still somewhat crippled, I journeyed eastward. During my stay with her I attended lectures at Johns Hopkins University and Goucher College, and also visited Howard University (colored) in Washington. From Baltimore I went directly to my former home at Jacksonville, Texas, later going on to the University at Austin. My trip northward included visits at the normal school in Ada, Oklahoma, University at Lawrence, Kansas, where a brother-in-law was living at the time, and Illinois University at Champaign.

Desiring to ward off all further attacks of neuritis, I determined to spend my winters beyond the ice belt. In the fall of 1915, as an experiment with the Kansas climate, I entered the University at Lawrence, where I attended for one semester. Dr. Dyxtra, a student at Columbus while I was there, was during that school year teaching classes in po-

litical science and government at Lawrence. I entered a class of his, and one under Professor Moore in International Law, and frequently visited the classes of Mr. Blackmar, in the Department of Sociology.

I cannot fail to mention Miss Clara S. Gilliham, a librarian in the University, whom I came to know very intimately at our common boarding house. She was one of many who made my stay in Lawrence a very enjoyable one. The recollection of the months I spent there calls forth only pleasant memories, one of a student who came up eagerly to me in a corridor one day, saying, "Let me tell you what your experience has meant to me." She went on to say that her family, due to improved circumstances, had recently moved into town from a country district in Kansas, and she had been able to complete a high school course; that she had desired to go on to the University, but because of her age, her younger brother had protested against it; that having found in the course of her reading an account of my university experiences at the age of eighty, she had been able with this to meet her brother's objection, and, strengthening her own weakened resolution, had gone on to a university career. Only recently did I learn from this same lady herself, in a letter which came to me from New York, that she had completed

her work there and received a degree, and was about to return to her native state of Kansas.

While at Columbus in 1911, I had become a member at the time of its organization, of the "Society of American Indians," and attended their first convention there, largely the result of the efforts of Dr. McKenzie, of the Department of Sociology in Ohio State University. I also attended a later annual convention of the Society held in Madison. The convention of 1915 was in Lawrence, Kansas. Since its beginning I have retained my membership in this Society, and shall remain a contributor to the efforts of Dr. McKenzie and others for fairness and justice to the American Indian. On several occasions during my stay in Lawrence I visited the Haskell Institute, a government school a short distance from the city.

Dr. McKenzie's interest in the Indian was second only to his untiring efforts on behalf of the Negro race. He had resigned his duties at Columbus to accept the presidency of Fisk University, at Nashville, Tennessee. On his cordial invitation to visit that school, I went at the close of the first semester at Lawrence in 1916 to Nashville, where I spent a month or six weeks. There I had a room in Jubilee Hall, where I was in close contact with students and teachers alike.

I give here one of my letters, written at the request of the editor and published in the Mortar Board number of the *Wisconsin Magazine* of March, 1916. It best gives my impressions at the time as to the splendid work which Fisk University is doing for the uplift of our colored people.

(In keeping with her perennial interest in the University, Mrs. Amy Winship, now eighty-four years old, has contributed the letter here printed. As a student at Wisconsin in 1912 and 1913 she had the distinction of being "the oldest junior in the world." When one recalls that she heard five of the seven Lincoln-Douglas debates, that she knew Lincoln personally, and that she experienced the things which we learned from texts, it is as if time were annihilated. We repeat a story told of her as indicative of her spirit. When asked by a university girl if she wasn't glad because of the holiday the next day and because there would be no lectures, she replied, "I am not! I don't want to lose a single day. I haven't much time left to learn. You are young and you have."—EDITOR.)

FISK UNIVERSITY,
Nashville, Tenn.,
February 12, 1916.

Dear Editor:—

Your kind letter reached me here where I came expecting to make a brief visit, but was so impressed by Fisk that I decided to give at least a month's time to it.

This is the Negro University made famous by the Jubilee Singers. It has just completed fifty years of splendid service to the negro race and to the nation. I am delightfully domiciled in Jubilee Hall, the hundred thousand dollar woman's dormitory erected by the Jubilee Singers. It is one of the finest buildings of the kind that I have seen in the numberless universities which I have visited.

The colored students of Fisk constitute the most impressive body of students I have met, realizing as I do, as I look at their faces, that only half a century has passed since their grandfathers were violating the law of the land if they even attempted to learn to read. Out of these five hundred students, nearly two hundred are college students, working in science, mathematics, languages, sociology, home economics, with an enthusiasm and a thoroughness not believable by those who have not visited Fisk. It is not surprising that the notables of the land, who visit Nashville, generally insist upon coming to Fisk. Scarcely a week passes without some important visitor or body of visitors. The first attraction is of course the Jubilee Music, a music whose beauty is not surpassed, if indeed it be equaled by any other music in the land.

I soon discovered another phase of the situation here worthy of comment, and that is the intense enthusiasm, amounting to absorption, upon the part of the president, dean, and teachers in their work. Salaries are almost forgotten, hours are none too many if only the object of endeavor can be realized. They know that a great responsibility, as well as opportunity is theirs, and they dare not do less

than their best. They know, too, that the funds to support the university and to pay their meager salaries must come in large part from the philanthropic public, since the university has only a small endowment. So they labor on, trusting to providence that they will be cared for as they shall need.

As I attend the classes, taught by both white and colored teachers, I am continually impressed with the quality of the teaching and the response of the students. It is almost surprising, even to an old abolitionist like myself, to find colored men teaching even the sciences in such a splendid manner.

You asked me to write about Lincoln. I must postpone that for a little while, but I think I am telling you even now of the continuing achievement of my old friend, Abraham Lincoln. If he were still here he would be interested beyond measure in Fisk University and advocating its interests. For he would believe as I do, that the education that Fisk is giving the colored people is the real solution of the negro problem, because it is the process by which the emancipation of the minds and souls of the race is made possible. Would he were here to tell the nation what it might do to multiply this splendid work!

While at Fisk, I met Louise W. Wise, the wife of Rabbi Wise, of New York City. With her husband, she was on her way to the far West, and as do many of the travellers who go through Nashville, they had come out to Fisk to visit the school

during the convocation hour. We discovered much of mutual interest during her brief visit there, and I later received from her this note:

My dear Mrs. Winship:—

I remember with great pleasure our meeting at Fisk University and the evening at the Temple. I have so often thought of you that I want to send you a line to tell you that I wish some day you would sit down and write me something of your own life. I want particularly to know what your own theory of living is, because the few words which we had together made an indelible impression upon me.

Sincerely yours,

LOUISE W. WISE (MRS. STEPHEN WISE).

It was the attempt to define to her something of my philosophy which has in part influenced me, on the suggestion of friends, to write out this story of my life.

In the early spring of 1916 I left Nashville, and revisited Jacksonville, Texas, going from there to Port Arthur. The schools of Port Arthur are conducted according to the Gary plan. I was so much interested in the system as I found it there, that I arranged my trip homeward so as to include a visit to Gary, Indiana. The opening of the summer session found me again in Madison.

I left Wisconsin in the fall of 1916 for southern California, visiting in San Diego and Point Loma.

To the latter place I went, with a letter of introduction from the Reverend Jenkin Lloyd Jones to Katherine Tingley. At all times curious to know something of the beliefs upon which a people fix their faith, I found a great deal of interest in Katherine Tingley's School of Theosophy there. Every courtesy was shown me, and I was given an opportunity to go over the entire estate. In San Diego and Los Angeles I spent the winter, returning in June to Madison for summer work. Among other courses in my summer work, a class in Journalism brought me into a new field of study.

Returning to the warmer climate of Los Angeles in the fall, I entered the University of Southern California, which I attended during the two school years of 1917-18 and 1918-19, and the summer session of 1918. The summer session was of particular interest to me, because of the visiting professors from other universities whom I met there. I was registered for special work, not holding myself bound to a regular course, but taking such subjects as appealed to me most. Dr. Bogardus in Sociology; Dr. Hunt in Economics; Professors Wood and Allison Gaw in the English Department; Professor Rittenhouse in Zoology—to all of these I am indeed grateful, and to the many friends who made my stay in California one that I shall always remember.

But for the courtesies that I have received on

every hand, I should have believed myself to be somewhat of a trespasser; but for the hospitality that has been accorded me on all of my visits, the cordiality with which I was received by teachers and classmates as well, I could not have felt so much at home in the atmosphere of the campus. My university experiences, however, covering the past nine years, have brought into my life new friends and new interests, and convinced me that the world we live in is one of friendliness. Everywhere has been extended to me the same invitation to "Come and visit us again," and nothing has helped me more in my journeys from one campus to another than this spirit of kindliness and of cordiality.

CHAPTER X

MY PHILOSOPHY

WHAT has become of Time? I ask myself, for the lapse of years seems to have been but a day. It is in this way, through the joy of forgetting the flight of time, that I am able to keep young.

It has been my experience and my observation that elderly people, after approaching their three score years and ten, appear to be through with life. They have dropped all interest in activities about them; they live, as it were, through a vain, empty stretch of years, in the retrospective. My philosophy of living is that one should become so enthused with life and with its many problems along all lines—its humanitarian interests which are so absorbing—that he will forget the years. Then age brings not a cessation of life, but rather, a newer and keener interest in living problems.

We bring to age such a wealth of experience, such a world of observation, that we of advanced years have a decided advantage over youth. It is a state of mind that makes one old or young. Some persons are old at forty and others are young at eighty.

My gray hairs make me feel not a day older, because I strive to keep young mentally. It is mental activity alone that will lengthen the span of our years; it is a means whereby our days may be prolonged, and the end of earthly life made more beautiful even than the June of youth.

To keep the mind at all times active should be our aim. The intellect was made to be used throughout a lifetime. The mind is like the arm, or any other part of the body,—if it is not used, it will become inactive. And so with many, old age brings the loss of memory, a weakening of the faculties, a lessening of interest in the activities of the world of today.

There is no reason for stopping just because we are eighty or ninety years old, if we can keep young at heart. He is indeed old who can sit back and feel that he has nothing more to learn. The pursuit of study, the acquisition of new ideas, goes far toward counteracting old age.

Becoming old and useless is, in my opinion, more or less of a blind and meek submission to old customs and obsolete teachings—the result of wrong thinking. As one grows old, he should endeavor, not to lose interest in life about him, but to tax his memory and keep his mind keenly alert to present-day problems. So long as one can enter into a new interest with enthusiasm, he will be young in spirit. It is the secret of the Fountain of Youth.

CHAPTER XI

A LOOK AHEAD

In ages better than ours
Generations will be happier born,
With purer blood and clearer brain,
They will see where we but grope,
Will run and leap,
Where we but totter and fall.

THIS hope that there are ages yet to come when the mistakes and sorrows of today shall be forgotten and give place to better things is our reason for patience with the imperfections of the present and courage for the future.

In such a time as this the prophetic words above come to reassure us. God is not dead. The world is not lost. It is true that today we are in the midst of confusion and general unrest. Our country is called to meet the most terrible problems that have ever been presented to any people. We are feeling the effects of terrible war, in the lowering of moral principle, in the strikes and lynchings and general disregard for the rights of others. Our much prized liberty is in peril. Our democratic institutions are threatened, our legislators appear to

be uncertain which way to turn. Autocratic ideas and customs imported from the Old World on the one hand and revolutionary bolshevism on the other, each claiming the attention of the people and of our legislators, give us reason to apprehend that our very government may be overthrown. Congressmen are advocating bills which a few years ago they would have scorned.

But amid all this we are not dismayed. These things will pass away. There is above them a higher and unseen power which is invincible. "The things which are seen are temporal and passing but the unseen is eternal." We know that in our country there are multitudes of noble men and women who are ready to stand by their ideals of liberty. We can trust the heart of the great American people if only it can have a chance to express itself. We, ourselves, are conscious that we can and will, in defiance of popular opinion, be loyal to our highest convictions of right. And this gives us reason for hope.

As we look along we see already some foregleams of that better day. Already humanity is rousing itself to a realization of the depth of degradation to which the mad pursuit of material things is hurrying us on. In the words of Miss Fletcher, author of the "Woman Beautiful," "There are rising insistent demands for ethical standards governing all

human relation and the time has come when these demands can never be silenced until the principle of the universal brotherhood of man passes from theory into vigorous practice, purifying every branch of government, municipal and national, and elevating all the activities and relations of life." Spiritual thoughts must descend as a balm to heal the wounds of our time."

And now, in the words above quoted at the head of this chapter, we have the assurance that there is a better time to come. This verse has been in my mind since the '70's. It has confirmed me in my religious ideas. It has comforted me in sorrow and strengthened me in the effort to do my best. It has enabled me to carry the enthusiasm of youth into old age and made me always and everywhere optimistic. It has enabled me to overcome difficulties and to make youth eternal. As I wrote to a friend who had spoken to me of preserving my youth, I said, "It is not the youth of time or years I keep but rather, the enthusiasm of youth which ever spurs one on to seek new ideas and ideals." This spirit is the preservative of life.

After all these years of joy and sorrow, after all the varied experiences through which I have passed I realize more than ever that the one secret of power is loyalty to ideals. That has made possible the grand civilization of this century. It was this in

our forefathers which enabled them to withstand the pomp and power of Great Britain and enabled them amidst years of trial and suffering to look ahead and see in the distance the victory of liberty and truth. It was the same spirit which gave Lincoln the power to rise above all his disadvantages of want of education and limited opportunity and made him at last the great saviour of the country.

And so, in the long look ahead, I see a better civilization in which men shall have learned to recognize the worth of the divine life however expressed in material form, when they shall have learned to recognize God in the little flower which blooms by the wayside and in the waving of the forest trees and in the ever working waves of the seas; and when they shall have learned also that the highest expression of the Divine is to be found in man, in man the child of God, it matters not what the name, Jew or Gentile, male or female, black or white, Buddhist, Christian, Oriental, any name if only there is the mark of the Divine.

We have the assurance that humanity under any form is worthy of respect, and in the new civilization which is to come there will be no regard for name or condition but only the recognition of the life that each one represents.

To work for such a civilization, where right shall triumph and humanity be regarded for its own sake,

however distant the realization may be, that is my ideal; that is my religion. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In conclusion my prayer is "that I may so live that my attending angel be not the less an angel for his walk with me."

CHAPTER XII

FAVORITE POEMS

I HAVE always been very fond of poetry and when I find a poem that I especially like I commit it to memory.

Sometimes I will not think of a poem for years, then something will recall it and after a few hours the whole poem will come back to me.

The following are a few of my favorite poems:

EIGHTY YEARS YOUNG

(To Mrs. Amy D. Winship)

Eighty Aprils with sun and shadows,
Eighty seasons of blooming rose,
Eighty "burning bushes" of autumn,
Eighty winters with ice and snows;

Seeing over the rainbows glitter,
Back of the rain cloud's deepest gloom;
Touching lightly the guarding thornpoint,
Breathing the roses' sweet perfume;

Standing alert on the holy places,
Eager the still small voice to hear;

Bravely facing the blasting tempest,
Dreaming alway of the hearth-fire's cheer;

Out of all present or past misfortune
Gaining the future with blessings hung;
This most wholesome and healthful living,—
This has made you "Eighty Years Young."

—*H. L. Messenger.*

The following poem was clipped from a newspaper years ago—title and author forgotten.

At set of sun when our work is done
With all its tangled web,
When the clouds drift low and the stream runs slow,
Life is near its ebb,
When we near the goal
When the golden bowl
Shall be broken at its fount,
With what sweet thought will the hour be fraught,
What precious most shall we prize?
Not the flame of the sword,
Not the wealth we have stored
In perishable things of earth,
Nor the way we have trod
With the intellect broad
Tho' that is a precious worth—
Not the gain we've achieved
Thru the hearts we have grieved
And left unhelped by the way,
Nor the laurel of fame
When for proud acclaim
We toiled in the heat of the fray.

Ah, no! These will not give our hearts ease
When the sun sinks low in the West,
But the passing sweet thought
Of the good we have wrought,
Of the saddened lives we have blessed.
And the love we have won,
The love beckoning on to his islands far and dim.
Love, out of the light
Shining into the night,
The night that leadeth to Him.

THE WHITE LIGHT

Oft when I feel my engine swerve
As o'er strange rails I fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits me there.

When swift and free she carries me
Thru yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light means a "crippled car,"
The green light signals "slow,"
The red light is the danger light,
The white light, "let her go"!

Again in open fields I roam,
And when the night is fair
I look up to the starry dome
For what awaits me there.

For there's none to tell
For those who dwell behind the curving sky
No man has ever lived to tell,
Just what it means to die.

Swift toward life's terminal I tread
The run seems short tonight,
God only knows what's at the end,
I hope the lamps are white.

—*Cy. Warman.*

INDIRECTION

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;

Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of Being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator.
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.
Space is as nothing to Spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing.

—*Richard Realf.*

DREAMS

He who dreams shall live.
And if we do not dream
Then we shall build no temple unto Time.
Yon dust cloud whirling slow against the sun
Was yesterday's cathedral stirred to gold
By heedless footsteps of a passing world.
The faith of stone and steel have failed of proof;
The king who made religion of a sword
Passes and is forgotten in a day;
The crown he wore rots at a lily's root,
The rose unfurls her banners o'er his dust.
The dreamer dies, but never dies the dream,

Tho' death shall call the whirlwind to his aid,
Enlist men's passions,
Trick their hearts with hate,
Still shall the vision live.
Say nevermore that dreams are fragile things;
What else endures in all this broken world
Save only dreams!

—*Dana Burnett.*

Epilogue to "Dreams"

MY OWN PATCHWORK POEM

When Kings are hurled from their thrones
And empires have crumbled in the dust,
When the chains that bind men are burst asunder
And prison doors flung wide,
And the armaments of war and death
Are burned up with the passion of love,
Then all men shall be free.

OPEN THE DOOR

Open the door,
Let in the sun,
He hath a smile for every one.
He will make of the dew-drops golden gems,
He will change your tears to diadems.
Open the door.

Open the door of the soul,
Let in pure thoughts that will banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine

And their fruit will be sweeter
Than that of the vine.
Open the door.

Open the door of the heart
Let in sympathy sweet
For stranger and kin.
It will make the halls of the heart so fair,
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door.

Of all of the poems that I have ever read on Lincoln, this seems to me most nearly to do that great character justice.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE[1]

When the Norn Mother saw the whirlwind hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal vail.

[1] By courtesy of the author. Copyright, 1919, by Edwin Markham.

Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—*Edwin Markham.*

My last course in Sociology at the University of Southern California had to do with the subject of the immigrant. It was during the time I was taking this course that the following poem attracted my attention.

WHAT THE IMMIGRANT IS DOING FOR[1] AMERICA

I am the immigrant.
Since the dawn of creation my restless feet have beaten new paths across the earth.
My uneasy bark has tossed on all seas.
My wanderlust was born of the craving for more liberty and a better wage for the sweat of my face.
I looked toward the United States with eyes kindled with the fire of ambition and heart quickened with new-born hope.

[1] By courtesy of the author.

I approached the gates with great expectation.
I entered in with fine hope.
I have shouldered my burden as the American man-of-all work.
I contribute eighty-five per cent of all the labor in the slaughtering and meat-packing industries.
I do seven-tenths of the bituminous coal mining.
I do seventy-eight per cent of all the work in the woollen mills.
I contribute nine-tenths of all the labor in the cotton mills.
I make nineteen-twentieths of all the clothing.
I manufacture more than half the shoes.
I build four-fifths of all the furniture.
I make half of the collars, cuffs and shirts.
I turn out four-fifths of all the leather.
I make half the gloves.
I refine nearly nineteen-twentieths of the sugar.
I make half of the tobacco and cigars.
And yet, I am the great American problem.
When I pour out my blood on your altar of labor, and lay down my life as a sacrifice to your god of toil, men make no more comment that at the fall of a sparrow.
But now my brawn is woven into the warp and woof of the fabric of your national being.
My children shall be your children and your land shall be my land because my sweat and my blood will cement the foundations of the America of To-Morrow.
If I can be fused into the body politic the melting-pot will have stood the supreme test.

—Frederic J. Haskin in "The Immigrant."